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FALSE FRIENDS.

BY E. T. W.

Ah, false and flattering friends,
How hollow is your love!
And he who to your voice attends,
Too soon, alas, will prove
Your honey'd words, so musical and clear,
Breathe venom as they fall upon the ear.

Far better would it be,
With less of danger, too,
To meet an open enemy,
Than greet a friend untrue.
A foe in honest warfare will embark,
But friendship false will stab thee in the dark.

BROUGHT TO BAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORY DAW," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

LORD HAMPSHIRE settled himself in some cosy bachelor-quarters. He turned with a shiver from the great gloomy London mansion that belonged to him. It cost a small fortune to keep in order, and was full of splendid pictures and art treasures, but it had no attraction for him. He preferred something much less pretentious. On the very first day he arrived in town he came face to face with the woman he was teaching himself to hate and despise so thoroughly.

Cynthia was in the magnificent barouche that Sir Richard had had built for her special use. She was alone, leaning back upon the cushioned seat with her usual imperious air, and perfectly dressed. Her beauty was undeniable, but she had no loveliness, no grace, no charm in the eyes of the man who, standing on the curb of the pavement, raised his hat and bowed with a cold faint smile as she drove past.

Cynthia shivered as her eyes met his; though the day was unusually warm for April, she felt suddenly deathly cold. She had been preparing herself ever since she had been in town for this rencontre, but, now that it had come, she found herself all unprepared. She was trembling from head to foot, and her heart beat madly with the sudden longing that this sight of her old lost love awakened within her. She drove through the Park and through the sunlit streets like one in a dream, seeing nothing, forgetful of everything but the remembrance of that clean-cut handsome face, with its cold gray eyes and its cruel smile. Not until she had gazed upon him once again, not until the full reality of his power over her, of the magnitude of her loss was thus brought home to her did Cynthia taste the bitter meaning of the punishment she had wrought with her own hands.

When she was quite close to the large house that was her London home, she suddenly gave a curt order to be driven back once more into the Park. A yearning possessed her stronger than anything she had ever experienced to gaze again and again upon that handsome face, to let her eyes rest upon the tall well-built figure that was so familiar to her and was now so dear. As her carriage rolled smoothly back to the Park, Cynthia's thoughts reverted to the past: she recalled with amazement and self-reproach the weariness, the coldness, the indifference with which she had been wont to receive this man's devotion. It was incomprehensible to her now how she could have felt such indifference, how she could have been so impatient, so dissatisfied; she saw with such different eyes now, she felt with such altered feelings.

There was a patch of brilliant color on either cheek as she was driven through the carriages and past the crowd of well-dressed folk that thronged the Row; her beauty was enhanced by this color, and she had never looked more supremely lovely. There was a new expression in her eyes as she glanced swiftly over the crowd, eager to pick out one form, one face. She increased the number of her admirers by several scores at this moment. She had already been called by some the most beautiful woman of the season, but to the majority her coldness, her imperious haughty bearing, and her unsympathetic manner had detracted considerably from her charms. On this day however her face was no longer cold; it had a glow and warmth in it that spoke of a living heart within her.

Cynthia bowed smilingly to the numerous salutations she received, quite unconscious of the change that her sudden emotions had effected. She had for once lost all self-consciousness; she was actuated only by the one desire to look again upon the face of the man who had loved her so passionately and whom she had treated so shamefully. She was fated to be disappointed however; Lord Hampshire was not in the Park; and Cynthia drove home with a strange pain in her heart such as she had never felt before.

Lady Montrose made her appearance at luncheon. Now that she was away from Carno Court and had tasted some of the sweets appertaining to her position, Cynthia would not have been sorry to drop Lady Montrose. She had been grateful to her aunt in a vague way for having come to her rescue; but now there was nothing more that Lady Montrose could do for her, and Cynthia's gratitude had been very ephemeral. She did her best to let her aunt understand this; but Lady Montrose was one of those happy individuals who see and understand only just what is agreeable to themselves.

On this day Lady Montrose's sharp eyes soon discovered that Cynthia was not quite her usual self.

"Have you had bad news from Carno?" she inquired, as she settled herself comfortably at the luncheon-table.

Mrs. Denistoun looked up quickly, and her delicate face changed color. In her heart Mrs. Denistoun did not approve of the course of action which her sister had advised; she would rather have seen Cynthia renounce all society and gaiety at the present stage of her husband's illness.

"Jane wrote rather hopefully, I thought, in her letter to me this morning," she said hurriedly, noting Cynthia's frown.

"Sir Richard's condition remains the same," observed Lady Ludlowe, addressing herself to no one in particular.

Lady Montrose was making a hearty luncheon; she would always enjoy her food, no matter what happened.

"When do you go down again, Cynthia?" was her ladyship's next query.

"At the end of the week."

Cynthia moved impatiently in her chair. She did not like her aunt to speak of the invalid at Carno Court; it seemed to her as though Lady Montrose were always reminding her that she at least of all the world had no need to feign sympathy or regret for her niece's situation.

Lady Montrose took another quail.

"I shall go with you," she announced. "I should like a breath of fresh air, and I always enjoy seeing Jane. I am genuinely fond of Jane; she is a lovely girl!"

Cynthia frowned again; the antagonism to Jane was always very clearly defined in her heart. The news of the way in which the girl ministered to her father was in itself a reproach to Cynthia. Her mind and memory now however were turned in another direction—her old lover claimed both.

Lady Montrose began speaking of him as Cynthia sat absorbed in her troubled and uneasy thoughts.

"Hampshire is in town—I saw him just now, looking splendid. What a handsome man he is! I stopped and spoke to him. He is coming to dine with me next Tuesday; I would take no refusal. Will you come, Cynthia?"

Lady Ludlowe flushed hotly and then grew pale. She pretended to be reading some letters that had been placed beside her on the table; she did not feel equal to answer at once.

"What did you say, aunt Susan?" she asked presently, in as indifferent a tone as she could assume.

"I want you to come and meet Lord Hampshire at dinner next Tuesday."

"I shall be very glad to see George again," Mrs. Denistoun said thoughtfully; "I was always fond of him."

"He inquired after you most affectionately," remarked Lady Montrose. Then, turning to her niece, she repeated her question, "Will you come, Cynthia?"

Lady Ludlowe rose from the table; she had eaten nothing.

"Yes—I will come, aunt Susan. But I shall have to leave you early; I have promised to go to Lady Irene Verschoyle's musical-party the same night."

"You can go as soon as you like," declared Lady Montrose. Then, with a sigh, she added, "Oh, dear, how I do wish Hampshire would take a fancy to my Lucy! What a splendid thing it would be! But of course she has no chance—every one is on the look-out for him—he will be snapped up by a prettier person than Lucy before many weeks are gone."

Cynthia shut the door of the luncheon-room sharply after her, and then stood leaning against the wall of the corridor for a moment, a curious sound buzzing in her ears, her heart beating in a painfully quick manner.

What a horrible vista was suddenly opened out to her in those careless words! George married—George, who had belonged to her, who had been her very slave—George to take a wife, to devote himself to another woman, perhaps even to love that woman as he had once loved her!

A low cry escaped Cynthia's lips. She had to force herself to walk steadily up the stairs; servants were coming and going, and their quick eyes would read her agitation in a moment. In all her thoughts she had never imagined this horrible possibility. An overwhelming feeling of inferiority mingled with her pain; she could have almost laughed at the mere thought of George forgetting his love for her and giving his affections to another.

"Oh, no, no, no," she said to herself, as she walked about her room, unconscious of what she did, but too restless to remain quiet for an instant—"oh, no, that will never come! I have lost him in one sense, but I shall hold him always in another. He is mine in heart, even though he can never be mine in the eyes of the world. I treated him shamefully—I know it now—but he will never cease to love me—never—never!"

She reiterated the word, but more faintly each time, for even as she did so she was confronted with a vague and yet hideous conviction that perhaps she was wrong.

She looked at herself in the mirror; she had grown wan and white, almost haggard, in those few moments. She sank down into a chair and shivered at the remembrance of his cold hard smile. It seemed to be so natural, the confirmation of those words he had uttered on that hot by-gone July night. "I renounce you without one single regret"—those had been his parting words. "Without one single regret!" Was there indeed no regret, no yearning, no shadow of his old devotion left, no trace of his boundless love remaining? Was his cold calm bearing the true expression of his feelings, or was it but a cloak to hide the anguish, the passion of his heart that still beat only for her?

Cynthia sat lost in this maze of miserable conjecture, of hopeless hope, of despairing faith until the sound of her aunt's voice outside her door roused her to reality and to the peremptory demand for tact, strength and courage to keep her secret hidden from the world. She had not known that she was so clever an actress till now. She was in such an apparently good temper that Lady Montrose was surprised and puzzled. She put her feelings on one side however, as she saw in this unusual state of things a good opportunity to touch her niece's generosity, if possible. Lady Montrose's account at her bankers was always overdrawn, and therefore her delight was unbounded when she found herself the possessor of a cheque for a considerable sum when she eventually left Lady Ludlowe's presence to betake herself to her neglected unsuccessful daughter.

Cynthia sat smiling bitterly after her aunt was gone. Though she despised Lady Montrose, she could not help acknowledging that at this particular time the debt was as much on her side as on her aunt's. Lady Montrose's pleading had recalled her niece from her thoughts; it had reinstated her in her position; it had made her realize the power she now possessed—and there was balm in that realization. It could not heal her heart, but it could at least assuage the irritation and the pain.

"I must keep watch over myself," she said, as she locked up her cheque book and rang for her maid. "This sort of thing can do me no good. The past is done with. What use is there in recalling it? The past is gone; but there is a future!"

A vivid flush suffused her cheeks; she stood for a moment looking about her with eyes that saw nothing but that future. She was repeating over and over again to herself the words the celebrated physician had said to her only that morning when speaking on Sir Richard's condition—"The vitality is not so great as I imagined; I found the heart considerably weaker on my last visit. It is of course impossible to state anything definitely, Lady Ludlowe, but I think you must prepare yourself for another and a less hopeful phase in your husband's case." And mingling with these words, uttered so calmly and gravely, was that one bitter stinging sentence which she had never been able to forget or to forgive—"And I renounce you without a single regret!"

If that other or less hopeful phase were to come very soon, if—Cynthia's heart almost ceased to beat, so intense were the excitement and agitation she felt—if after this phase there should come freedom—freedom in which that old love could once again find voice and meet with a reward it had never received before—if this were to happen, would he still renounce her? The smile that played for a moment on Cynthia's lips, the color in her cheeks, the light in her eyes, all gave answer to the question—an answer that her vanity and desire decreed was the one and only one to be given.

* * * * * *

It was just such another hot afternoon as that memorable one of a year before, when Jane had gone on her fruitless search for Mimi, and afterwards had flown on the wings of love to meet her beloved father on his unexpected arrival.

The gardens of Carno Court were a wealth of roses. The house in one quarter was completely covered by them; they had climbed up almost to the roof and nodded in their hundreds in the faint summer winds. On the lawn under the largest and shadiest clump of trees, a long low invalid couch was placed, and quite close to it, in a chair from which every movement and gesture of the poor sick man could be instantly seen, sat a girl, with two dogs stretched slumbering at her feet.

Jane was reading aloud to her father. She had grown to understand so clearly the different expressions on his thin pale face that she had become assured that he liked to listen to her reading, perhaps rather to listen to the sound of her fresh young voice—for the meaning of the words could never reach his shattered intelligence. Jane sat holding her dear one's thin worn hand. She had to turn away her head every now and then and stare hard at the trees and the blue sky above till the yearning tears had passed out of her eyes; she could not grow accustomed to the sight of his altered face, to the knowledge of his wrecked mind and body, even though she was with him so much. Day and night now for almost six months Jane had never left his side, save when nature had demanded that she should stretch her weary limbs and forget her grief in slumber.

The devotion she gave this poor shattered creature was spoken of by all who beheld it as something beyond the power of words to express. Jane herself felt that she could not and did not do half enough to give vent to the pity and love in her heart. She had grown stronger and better in health, despite the sadness of her daily life, ever since the day when Cynthia had first gone to London and she had been permitted to creep into her father's room and establish herself there.

Jane had no angry thoughts towards her beautiful young step-mother for the indifference with which she had treated the man who had given her so much. Others however did not spare Lady Ludlowe, for, as the time had gone on, the season's gaieties had increased and her visits to Carno Court and the invalid had grown fewer and farther between; but Jane, though she heard these adverse comments, said nothing herself—she was conscious only of relief in Cynthia's absence and of a contempt for the nature of the woman her father had married. But for the anguish she suffered when she looked upon his stricken form, Jane could have considered herself almost happy at this time. Her one great joy was the thought that now and then her father seemed to recognize her.

It was only a faint light that would come for an instant into the sunken eyes, and possibly Jane's love and hope gave it a meaning that did not exist; but it would have been cruel to cast a doubt on this, for these moments were full of triumphant gladness; and the girl would grow most beautiful at such times, making the eyes of the faithful attached servants fill with tears as they looked upon her and understood the meaning of the change. She had found joy, too, in Mrs. Winter's frequent visits—indeed "Summer" had immediately emigrated to the neighborhood of Carno Court when she had heard of the blow that had fallen upon her child, and she was close at hand, ready to be summoned at any moment.

Madame Dutriche had gone back to Paris after Lady Ludlowe's determination to take her place in the world. The French governess had felt she was not needed, and she had tendered her resignation and taken her departure, parting from Jane with most sincere regret, and carrying away with her a tender remembrance of the girl whom in so short a time she had learned to appreciate at her true worth.

Save for Mrs. Winter's almost daily appearance, an occasional visit from her son Robert, and the rare moments when Lady Ludlowe traveled down from town, there was nothing to disturb the monotony of the life at Carno Court; but nevertheless the days went all too swiftly for Jane. The girl did not need a medical man to tell her that her beloved patient was growing weaker and weaker as the days lengthened into weeks and the weeks grew into months. Each hour that passed seemed to be drawing her father more surely towards the grave. She dreaded the commencement of a new month, lest before it had run its allotted span she would find herself alone in the world—alone with her grief and her yearning love, which not even death itself could spoil or vanquish.

Jane read on now in her sweet fresh clear voice, till the sound of an even breathing told her that her listener had fallen asleep. She closed the book and sat looking at him. She was always glad when he was asleep, for then his face lost its curious vacant expression and recovered the old lines. She could almost imagine it was the father of happier days who lay there, the father who had been the idol and hero of her childhood's dreams.

Having closed her book, she sat for a long time watching her father, bending forward now and then to arrange the coverlet, and then stooping to hold a little soft converse with the dogs who had awakened when her voice ceased and desired to claim some of her attention.

"They are so good—both of them," Jane often said to Mrs. Winter. "It is just as if they knew, Summer dear, and they wanted to tell me how sorry they were."

Peter sat at her feet with his faithful eyes fixed upon her face, but Lord John scrambled into her lap, and tried to entice her with soft whines into one of the old rambles under the trees. Jane smiled at him and consoled him with a promise of coming tea; and then, as he gave a low sharp growl, the girl looked suddenly towards the house. Visitors were rare at Carno Court, but Meadows was undoubtedly interviewing some one who had the air of a guest.

Jane silenced her fox-terrier and rose suddenly to her feet. There was an incredulous look on her face at first, which changed instantly to great amazement, and then to greater pleasure. Her white cheeks were flushed crimson. A young man was coming across the lawn towards her, having evidently dispensed with the butler's services—a young man in a suit of summer gray, wearing a straw hat, and with a parcel under his arm. Jane felt strangely weak for the moment; never had she been conscious of such a curious fluttering sensation at her heart. She went forward softly and hurriedly to meet him. As he came close to her, she held out her hand. The color had gone from her cheeks again; she looked very frail, but very sweet and lovely, as she stood with the fierce July sun beating down upon her.

"How do you do? I am very glad to see you!" she said simply and truthfully. Lord Hampshire held her hand and looked for a moment in silence into the depths of her eyes.

"You have not forgotten me, then," he returned involuntarily. Her unconscious pleasure at his coming was strangely agreeable to him. He knew that it was no mere conventional greeting which she gave him; she was evidently truly glad to see him.

"I never forget," rejoined Jane, smiling. "Will you come and sit down here, Lord Hampshire? We must not go too close; daddy has dropped into such a nice sleep, and I do not want him to wake just yet."

She drew two chairs a little way from the couch, but sat where she could still see her father's face.

"He is better, I hope?" said Lord Hampshire gently.

The mist of tears that veiled her beautiful eyes, the quiver of her lips answered him. He did not press the subject, but went on hurriedly to explain the reason of his presence.

"Were you not surprised to see me, Miss Ludlowe?"

"For the moment, yes."

There was a certain significance to him in his speech; he found himself coloring faintly and wondering where she had often thought of him. Although he had not troubled himself about her, yet now it seemed to him all at once that it would be almost a delight to know that he had passed—even as a shadow—now and then across Jane Ludlowe's mind.

"You must know I am here as an emissary, Miss Ludlowe," he said, with a smile; "I come from one who loves you most sincerely. I dare say you are already aware that Ann Martin is now located at Wyefeild for the rest of her natural days; it is from her I come. Poor old Ann, she seems so happy there, blind and helpless as she is! She is a living reproach to some of us strong ones who find so much to grumble at in this life, who make so little good of anything."

"I know she is happy," responded Jane softly, trying to ignore the bitter tone he adopted towards the end of his speech. "She has sent me many messages, and she is never tired of telling me of your goodness, Lord Hampshire. I am sure you could give her no greater happiness than to let her be near you."

The young man flushed again; a feeling that was quite indescribable came over him. When he was in the society of this girl, he was acutely conscious of the unworthy part that he had set himself to play, and which he had been playing so successfully during the weeks that had gone. She seemed to rouse up his old and better self. He began to open the parcel he carried as a means to divert his thoughts and drive the memory of Cynthia and all the immediate past out of his mind. Beside this gentle girl, the recollection of the triumph he had accomplished, of his savage delight at knowing and realizing how Cynthia had come to acknowledge his power, faded and dwindled into ignoble insignificance. He was ashamed of himself and of what he had done as he sat looking into Jane's truthful eyes.

"This is what has led me to dare to intrude upon your solitude, Miss Ludlowe," he said, shaking out a large fleecy shawl and putting it into her hands. "It has been knitted for you, every stitch, by our poor old friend; she sends it with her love and respectful sympathy, and hopes you may find it useful."

Jane bent her head over the humble gift that spoke so eloquently of a woman's tenderness. Words would not come easily, and the young man saw how difficult it was for her to restrain her tears.

"It was good of you to bring this to me, Lord Hampshire; thank you very much for your kindness!" said Jane, when she could speak. "I—I must write to dear old Ann this very night. I scarcely know how to thank her, she has touched me so deeply."

"I was only too delighted to come. I happened to go down to Wyefeild yesterday, and went to see Ann at the very moment that this remarkable piece of work was finished. It is intended, I fancy, to be a cover for your father's couch. When I heard about its use and its destination, I at once offered it to you; and here I am."

Jane rose, and with gentle hands drew away the silken wrap that was stretched over the invalid, replacing it with the one which Ann Martin's loving hands had wrought.

"You can now tell Ann you have seen it used," she said, as she came back to him; "and you must tell her, please, that her gift will be most precious to me—something I shall love and treasure all my life." Then she sat down again in her chair and began speaking to him of Wyefeild; and gradually the conversation drifted from small personal matters into wider channels.

Before half an hour had gone they had struck many chords of sympathy in respect of their favorite authors, musicians, and artists. The charm that had revealed itself so clearly to him before asserted itself again. Jane's easy graceful manner and her unaffected bearing were made more attractive than ever by the devoted love and the sorrow that were never absent from her eyes, by the culture and knowledge she displayed.

Meadows presently came from the house and in his grandest manner superintended the arrangements for tea. Everything was done as noiselessly as possible, but still Jane's watchful eyes saw that the sufferer's sleep was at an end, and immediately she forgot the hostess in the duties of a nurse. The young man forgave her. He was inexpressibly touched by the sight of her tender ministrations to her poor paralysed father.

"Ann is right; she is one of the world's rare angels," he said to himself, as he sat looking at her and listening to her voice.

He rose to go abruptly at last. A clock chiming in the distance warned him that he had a train to catch and also that more than an hour had passed since he had first arrived.

"I will send you down those books as soon as I reach town; and, if you will allow me, I should so much like to come and see you again some day!" he said, as they clasped hands.

"Thank you!" replied Jane. "The books will be most welcome, and you more than the books." She smiled faintly, then sighed. "It is a sad place to ask any one to visit; but, if you care to come, Lord Hampshire, I shall always be glad to see you."

Jane walked a little way across the lawn with him, but not far, for she did not feel happy at leaving her invalid even for such a short time. She stood watching him go with the strange wild beating of her heart which always occurred in his presence; but this time she felt also a sense of pleasure, a glow of delight that was not the less strong because it was undefined. She sat down by her father's side again and watched her guest until he disappeared, then she gave vent to her feelings in a gentle sigh; she had not known how sweet his presence had been till it was gone again. He had been frequently in her thoughts, and she had sometimes half unconsciously wished to see him again. Now he had been—not the visionary he, but his real self; they had talked together, they had clasped hands, and he had promised to come again. The world seemed changed in a subtle way. Jane felt she could never be so desolate now as she had hitherto been at times; she had such delightful memories to gild her long hours of thought—memories that made her heart thrill with gladness, for they were of a mind and a nature utterly different from that which had called forth such severe judgment from Mrs. Winter.

"I knew he was really good. He has had some great sorrow, and it has made him a little bitter; but he will grow out of that. To-day there is a change; he is more true to himself and his noble nature. Oh, I am sure he is a noble nature! I wish Summer had heard him talk as he did to-day; it would have dispelled all her harsh feelings. I must tell her." Jane paused in her thoughts and blushed. "No," she said to herself presently, in a soft shy way—"no, I will tell no one, because I—I fancy I understand what others might not. It shall be my secret—my own secret; I will share it with no one!"

CHAPTER XIV.

LORD HAMPSHIRE changed his plans as he walked away from Carno Court. He went back direct to town, instead of returning to Wyefeild, and he telegraphed for his servant to join him in London. He was due at several fashionable functions that night, but, as he sat moodily in a corner of the railway-carriage, he felt in no humor for them; least of all did he feel in the humor to meet Lady Ludlowe.

The story of Cynthia's heart had been revealed to him very quickly—the story of late-born love, of restless regret, and of supreme selfishness which not even her regret could subdue. He had laughed to himself cynically yet triumphantly as he discovered this secret; it was impossible for him to shut his eyes now to his power over her. Not that he credited her with really loving him. It was the blow to her vanity which had brought her so swiftly to his feet, his title and his position that had such charms for her, he said to himself with a sneer. He knew he had her absolutely at his mercy; there was no phase of her mind that he did not fathom. He knew full well that it was for his sake—for the sake of seeing him, meeting him, being near him—that Cynthia had stifled the small amount of womanliness within her, and had turned her back upon a duty that should have appealed to her heart as well as her honor. Her neglect of her husband increased the contempt and dislike he felt towards her. He did not spare her; he had managed to make her suffer pretty keenly during the past weeks. He had seen her wince and turn pale at his indifference to her and his attentions to other women; but there was no pride in his triumph over her, only a strong savage satisfaction. Just as Jane Ludlowe exercised an indefinable influence for good over him, so, whenever he came in contact with the woman who had despised his love, a wave of evil and passionate revenge overcame him.

When he reached London, the old miserable feelings, roused by thoughts of Cynthia, were in full possession of him once again. He was in a more than usually bitter mood when he met her late that night. She was radiant in her loveliness, a queen in her shining satins and magnificent jewels. He saw the warm color tint her face the instant she caught sight of him. To him she had no beauty now; the meanness of her nature, the selfishness of her heart were revealed too clearly. When he drew near to her, he found Lady Montrose sitting beside her niece. Her ladyship welcomed the young man warmly.

"We thought you were lost. Do you know you have not been seen for three clear days. Truant, confess! Where have you been?"

Lord Hampshire smiled and bowed low before Cynthia. He had never once touched her hand since they had met in their changed conditions. His eyes were cold as he glanced carelessly at her; and her face suddenly grew pale as she felt how little he appreciated her loveliness.

"I have been wandering in an enchanted land," he said lightly, answering Lady Montrose's query, "and found a fairy-princess."

"A confession indeed!" cried Lady Montrose delightedly. "There is nothing I love more than fairy-stories. Please tell us more; we are dying of curiosity. Aren't we, Cynthia?"

Lady Ludlowe said nothing; she felt

strange chill come over her. She did not know what its meaning might be, but she was conscious of a presentiment of pain and bitterness.

Lord Hampshire made no immediate reply; he only smiled. His next speech was not addressed to Lady Montrose.

"I offer you my sincere congratulations, Lady Ludlowe," he said lightly. "I had no idea that Carno Court was such a pretty place. You must be very proud of such a beautiful home, I am sure."

Cynthia could make no reply; she only looked at him in amazement.

"Carno? You have been to Carno? What on earth took you there?" exclaimed Lady Montrose. "Is it not a dear old place? Did you see the oaks, and did you see Jane? I love Jane! I consider her one of the sweetest girls I have ever met."

Lord Hampshire was looking straight at Cynthia's face; he saw her start at her aunt's words and fully understood the meaning of the expression that swept over her face.

"Yes," he answered, smiling, "I saw Miss Ludlowe. I indorse all you have said about her, Lady Montrose; and I can do so truly, for we are almost old friends, she and I. Now you understand whom I mean when I speak of my fairy-princess."

He saw the woman before him wince as though he had struck her a blow; he did not stop to hear what Lady Montrose had to say in answer to his last speech. He bowed, smiled again, and moved on through the brilliant crowd, his heart beating furiously, his satisfaction intense.

"It has come," he said to himself. "I see it clearly now; her punishment, my revenge—both shall be obtained through this girl whom she hates and fears so much!"

Like one in a dream, Lady Montrose sat looking after Lord Hampshire's retreating figure. The surprise caused by his last words almost stupefied her; it even checked her flow of speech—a rare and extraordinary event with her.

"My goodness," she exclaimed at last, "what a funny world it is to be sure! Did you hear that, Cynthia? It was nothing more or less than a declaration of his feelings. The next thing will be he will come to you and make a formal proposal for Jane. Who on earth could have imagined such a thing? I declare I can hardly believe my ears! You must confess you are as much surprised as I am; you never expected such a thing!"

Cynthia stood with her face averted; she dared not present her suddenly-blanched cheeks and lips to Lady Montrose's sharp eyes. Expect it—expect such an astounding overwhelming disaster, such a terrible blow to her unwhispered hopes, her undefined dreams—such a blotting out of that future which her vanity and her desires had arranged—the future that was to be when her bonds should be loosed by death and she should be free once again! It was a triumph of her woman's will that Cynthia did not forget everything in that awful moment and sink, crushed and despairing, to the ground. She had suffered many bitter experiences in the past few weeks; she had been tormented by jealousy, she had been chilled by indifference; but through it all hope had not left her. She had misread his actions, she had assured herself that his cruelty was assumed; she had accepted the misery of the moment as the punishment he intended to mete out to her; she never doubted for an instant that beneath his cold cynical manner there lived the fire of his old love; she was certain he loved her still; her knowledge of her power over men told her that it would be impossible for any one to change who once had loved as this man had loved her. She lived therefore in a dream of false belief and falser hopes. Her love had become a sort of madness; she even forgot to be selfish under its influence; she forgot all but him and the future, when they should be together as they had once been in the past.

Lady Montrose had been puzzled by and a little uneasy at her niece's changed demeanor. She had suggested a mitigation of the gloom that had fallen upon Cynthia's life at Christmas-time, but she had by no means desired to draw her niece away from her husband's side altogether; and indeed she never anticipated that Cynthia would have acted as she did. She had ventured to say something about it to Cynthia a few weeks before; but Lady Ludlowe had instantly checked her.

"Sir Richard has his daughter to attend to him; there is nothing for me to do. Pray allow me to be, moreover, the best judge of my own actions, aunt Susan!"

"Of course, Cynthia, my dear—of course!" Lady Montrose had hastened to say, ever careful of the folly of quarreling with her niece, and having a keen regard, moreover, for the cheques which Lady Ludlowe wrote so readily. "I am not saying anything against you—far from it. Was it not I who advised you to come out into the world a little? I was only thinking that perhaps it would seem kinder if you were to go down more frequently to Carno Court. I am so afraid people may talk, and——"

Cynthia had shrugged her graceful shoulders and replied—

"People will talk whatever happens, aunt Susan—you know that as well as I do. I am not obliged to suit my life to please the world; besides"—and here Lady Ludlowe showed her shrewdness—"however much I may be judged, that will not stop people from running after me—you can see that at a glance. They may judge me and criticize me as much as they like, but they don't shun me. I am impervious to anything the world may say; I am my own mistress, and I shall act as I desire and as I think best."

Lady Montrose had accepted the hint conveyed in this speech and had said no more upon the matter. She was however considerably surprised at Cynthia's tone.

"And I always imagined her the sort of girl who would do her duty, no matter at what cost or how disagreeable it might be," she had said to herself when this conversation had ended. "After all, she is not different from other people. I cannot call myself a particularly good sort of individual, I suppose, but I will say," Lady Montrose had declared firmly, "that I am sure I could not have shown such absolute selfishness and indifference had I been placed as Cynthia is. If I had thought she could have been capable of such extraordinary conduct, I certainly should never have urged her to take even a little relaxation away from her husband's sick-room!" And then Lady Montrose had shrugged her shoulders philosophically. "Well, it is her affair, not mine; and, after all, she is no fool. She is the success of the season despite anything anybody can say; and there's not one of those sharp tongues but would have done just the same had they been situated as she is. She married Richard Ludlowe for the wealth he could give her, and consequently she does not see why she should not enjoy what she possesses while she is young. There is something to admire in Cynthia's honesty; she is at least no hypocrite. Her husband is nothing to her, so she leaves him to fade out as soon as he likes while she makes the most of his money and the position he has given her. She showed the amount of interest she did at first only because she wanted to hurt that girl Jane."

Whenever Lady Montrose allowed herself to think over this subject, she was immediately conscious of a satisfaction and pleasure that soothed her not a little so soon as she came to the remembrance of Jane; for, if the realization of Cynthia's heartlessness surprised and shocked her, the memory of the sad happiness which she had been the means of giving Jane Ludlowe solaced her considerably.

"If I had not taken Cynthia away, I verily believe that poor child would have died from sheer grief at not being allowed to go near her father," she had said many times to herself.

The subject of Jane was never discussed between Cynthia and her aunt. Lady Montrose was too much a woman of the world to disclose her appreciation of Sir Richard's daughter to Sir Richard's wife. She could not quite understand why Cynthia disliked her step-daughter—even Cynthia herself could not have given a satisfactory reason—but it was enough for Lady Montrose that Lady Ludlowe did emphatically dislike Jane. She knew better therefore than to do anything to annoy her niece in respect of this or any other matter. With all her good intentions and the womanly kindness that could never be quite banished from her heart, Lady Montrose was too shrewd and too perpetually extravagant to permit herself to quarrel with a person who could do so much for her as Cynthia had done.

On this night however so great was Lady Montrose's amazement that for a moment she forgot her worldly wisdom. She loved nothing so much as a surprise, something to talk about and discuss generally, and Lord Hampshire had given her the most remarkable surprise she had ever experienced. She did not notice her niece's silence at first, and went on pouring out her comments without ceasing. Suddenly however she checked herself.

"What a fool I am!" she said sharply to herself. "Cynthia is furious of course, and only because it happens to be poor little Jane! It must be that, for what can it matter to her whom or what Hampshire admires?" Lady Montrose had never once suspected the truth. "I should not be a bit surprised if my lady were to put a spoke in Jane's wheel over this affair! It will be a horrible shame if she does; but I don't fancy Cynthia would relish Jane's being set above her by such a marriage. Good heavens, what an extraordinary thing to think that Hampshire should be in love with Jane Ludlowe! I can't get over it!"

As usual, Lady Montrose's imagination had gone far ahead of actual facts. Already she had decided that not only was Lord Hampshire in love with Jane, but she had almost planned the arrangements for the wedding.

Cynthia's voice brought her aunt abruptly back from this journey into the realms of the future. Lady Ludlowe had conquered herself by an almost superhuman effort as she turned her face to her aunt. She had only time to say a few words, for there were many hovering round her eager to converse with her. There was a cold smile on her lips, her magnificent jewels flashed brilliantly as she moved her head in her most regal way.

"Dear aunt Susan," she said half scornfully, "don't think twice about the matter. Lord Hampshire was joking, of course; he may no doubt admire Jane slightly—she is not bad-looking, I admit—but he is not likely to waste much admiration on a raw schoolgirl, even though he does christen her his fairy-princess. If we are to construe every jesting word we hear into a declaration, we shall have our hands full."

Lady Montrose could bear much for the sake of the Ludlowe cheque-book, but to have her sagacity and shrewdness disputed in this way was a trifle beyond her powers of endurance.

"You may call Jane a raw schoolgirl if it pleases you, of course, Cynthia," she said, with unconcealed irritation, "but you must not expect others to see with your eyes. Your dislike to the girl blinds you, my dear. Jane Ludlowe is sweet and lovely enough to please any man. There is nothing raw about her. She is more cultivated than any woman of my acquaintance—and I know a good many." Lady Montrose rose to make her way to the other side of the room, but, before going, she finished her sentence. "I am a little older than you and I have been a little longer in the world, Cynthia, and I tell you frankly that I should be a proud and happy woman if Lord Hampshire had spoken of my Lucy as he has spoken of Jane to-night. I understand a joke when I hear one; but this is no joke, believe me, as you will very soon discover for yourself;' and with these words Lady Montrose walked briskly away.

Cynthia looked after her aunt in a dull dazed way. She had to talk and seem amused for another weary hour; then she pleaded fatigue and left for her own home. The general verdict after her departure was that Lady Ludlowe had never looked more beautiful, but had never been more dull and uninteresting.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.—A story, about which there is a fascination it is impossible to resist when you hear men tell it, is that of the "Home of Gold." Somewhere in south-western New Mexico, in the Sierra Madre, it is said there is a wonderful valley. Small, enclosed in high, rocky walls, and accessible only by a secret passage, which is known to but a few, is this extraordinary place. It is about ten acres in extent, has running through it a stream which waters it thoroughly, and makes it a perfect paradise, with its exquisite flowers and beautiful trees. In it are thousands of birds of the most beautiful plumage. Running across it is a ledge of pure gold about thirty feet wide, which glistens in the sunlight like a great golden belt. The stream crosses this ledge, and, as it runs, murmurs around blocks of yellow metal as others do around pebbles. The ledge of gold is supposed to be solid gold, and to run down into the centre of the earth. The legend is of Indian origin, and around it clusters a number of Indian stories, in which the name of the ill-fated Montezuma occurs frequently. The descendants of the Aztecs believe firmly that the day will come when Montezuma will return and free them from the descendants of the Conquestodores. They believe that the money necessary for this work will be taken from the Madre d'Oro.

Bric-a-Brac.

COLORS.—Red denotes courage; blue, truth; white, purity; green, jealousy; yellow, inconstancy; black, mourning; brown, melancholy; gray, remembrance; violet, sympathy.

COFFEE.—Among the Egyptians coffee was a favorite drink, but was allowed only twice a week, in companies especially assembled for the purpose, the greatest solemnity being observed on such occasions.

CATS.—In Devon there is a superstition that if a cat gives birth to an even number of kittens, the owner will have as many years good luck as there are kittens; but should the kittens be odd in number, then the contrary will be the result.

A NEW TRADE.—There is at Paris a regular guild of trade union mireurs d'oeufs—Anglice, "examiner of eggs"—who earn their livelihood by giving opinions in the various markets of the metropolis as to whether the eggs offered for sale are either good or bad. And although they are necessarily limited to a mere outward inspection of the egg, they never make an error, or mistake a stale for a fresh one.

SAVAGES AND IRON.—The Baluban tribe of Central Africa are famous for their skill in casting and forging iron. They construct tall cylindro-conical furnaces of clay with tuyeres of clay and an ingeniously devised wooden bellows. They make arms for hunting and for war, and collars and bracelets of iron. The neighboring natives resort to them in great numbers to exchange their own products for the manufactures of the Balubans.

LION AND HORSE.—If a lion and a strong horse were to pull in opposite directions, the horse would pull the lion backward with comparative ease; but if a lion were hitched behind the horse and facing in the same direction, and were allowed to exert his strength in backing, he could easily pull the horse down upon his haunches or drag him across the ring, so much greater is his strength when exerted backward from the hind legs than in forward pulling.

DUCKS AND GEESE.—Wild geese and wild ducks show knowledge as to the resistance of the atmosphere and sagacity in overcoming it. When flocks of them have to go long distances, they form a triangle to cleave the air more easily, and the most courageous bird takes position at the forward angle. As this is a very fatiguing post another bird, are long, takes the place of the exhausted leader. Thus they place their available strength at the service of the society.

OSTRICH EGGS.—In olden times ostrich eggs were suspended in churches, the superstition being "that the ostrich, being a forgetful bird, 'leaveth her eggs in the dust,' and at length, when she beholdeth a certain star, returneth unto them, and cheereth them by her presence. * * * Therefore be the aforesaid eggs suspended in churches, this signifying that man easily forgetteth God, unless being illuminated by a star, that is, by the influence of the Holy Spirit, he is reminded to return to Him by good works."

HOT WATER.—There is a custom practiced in Northern China of using hot water every morning to wash the face and hands. Men, women and children must have a basin of clean hot water when they get up or before they eat their breakfast, in which to bathe feet and hands at least. Even beggars have hot water, or use none at all. Seasons do not affect the custom. In summer, when one would think a cold bath would be grateful, hot water is used all the same. No one would insult his guest by offering cold water to wash in. The water is almost scalding hot, and the towel for wiping is first used as a wash rag.

AN INGENIOUS MACHINE.—"Manuel E de Costa, who resides six miles south of Sacramento on the Riverside road, has built an ingenious machine for irrigating his flower garden and his orange and lemon trees," says the Sacramento Bee. "It consists of a wooden wheel ten feet in diameter and with a rim, or tire, about two feet wide. A dog is placed inside the wheel, which is turned by his weight as he gallops in treadmill fashion. The revolution of the axle turns a crank which operates the handle of a pump set in a dog well. After half an hour's exercise the dog is taken out and a fresh dog put in for another half hour."

ASPARAGUS.—Asparagus, deservedly a favorite vegetable, was extensively cultivated by the ancient Romans, but was not introduced into England before 1660. In some parts of Europe the seeds are used as a substitute for coffee, and a spirituous liquor is made from the ripe berries. Asparagus is both lithic and diuretic; and its roots were once extensively used in medicine. The young tender sprouts or stems, from six to ten inches long, are the edible parts, and those that are entirely green are the most tender and delicate. The white asparagus is, as a rule, very tough, the tips alone being eatable. In some old recipe books directions are given for boiling asparagus one hour, but this is a great mistake. Twenty or thirty minutes is long enough to cook it sufficiently.

DREAMING.

BY W. W. L.

I hear the bobolink calling
Down yonder in the dell;
I hear the falling waters
Out there upon the fell.

Down yonder in the meadow,
The brooklet runs away,
Out to the rushing river,
In sunlight's to-day.

I see the roses blooming
Upon the grassy lea;
I hear the tiny drumming
Of the busy honey bee.

Ah! sweet, I have been dreaming
Amid the past to-day,
Of summer, love and pleasure
That lies so far away.

"MY LADY BELLE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALL IN THE WILD MARCH MORNING," "THE LAST OF THE LATOUCHES," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

"YOU have been here now at Hastonmere for nearly a week, you know, Marcia," remarks her aunt, Mrs. Millar, warningly; "and I would advise you to stay at home to-morrow and put everything straight in the house, or perhaps your father might take it into his head not to let you come to the wedding at all."

"Very well, aunt; I will go home this minute, if Lady Broderick will excuse me," answers Marcia eagerly, her big eyes growing more prominent with alarm at the idea her aunt's words have suggested; "and then I will come to your house the last thing to-morrow evening—about nine o'clock."

"I think you had better stay and get your father's breakfast in the morning, and come to my house about eight o'clock. That will be plenty of time for you," proceeds Mrs. Millar coolly. "You don't want three hours to put on your dress, I should think. Why, I shall not begin to dress until ten, and I have so much to do! It isn't as if you were to be one of the bridesmaids, or anything particular like that."

"Very well, aunt," says Marcia humbly, and smothering a meek sigh. "But—but I thought, may be, when I was ready I could go on to Hastonmere and help Lady Belle."

"Lady Belle won't want your help, child. Such nonsense!" Mrs. Millar replies impatiently. "What on earth could you do for her? Lady Annabelle and the new French maid and Lady Annabelle's own maid will dress her."

"I had better say good night to Lady Belle then," Marcia remarks, putting on her hat. "I shall just be in time for the ten o'clock train to Otewes."

"You can't see her now—she is in the drawing-room, and there is music; and Lady Annabelle will excuse you. I will make that all right," Mrs. Millar continues, with an air of satisfaction. "Run off, child, and don't miss your train; and get home in good time. You know what a peculiar man your father is!"

A deeper sigh comes from Marcia's lips, but she says nothing, hastily completes her poor toilet, and then bids her aunt good night—even kisses her, for she is affectionate by nature. Poor Marcia, repressed, warped, and dwarfed—no one seems to value or seek her affection!

And then she hurries off alone—no one dreams of escorting Marcia—down the long shaded avenue, out into the shaded lonely country road deep in summer dust, between the rank green luxuriance of the summer hedgerows, on to the little country station.

There are a few minutes to spare before the train comes up; and, as Marcia sits forlornly in the dusty, grimy ladies' waiting-room, tenantless save for herself, she takes out her poor purse to pay for her ticket, and with the sixpence brings out a withered red rosebud and a spray of maidenhair fern, which at some time has been a small button hole bouquet. As she holds it in her hand, she stoops over it and kisses it hurriedly and stealthily, and then hides the tiny crumpled bunch of flowers in the little pocket in her purse where gold ought to be, but is not.

Besides the sixpence which pays for her second-class ticket, Miss Millar's purse contains four other sixpences, and she considers herself rather well off, for she remembers a time when that small, cheap, green leather purse did not contain one halfpenny for weeks together. Yet she is an only child, and old Richard Millar owns land, houses, brewery shares, and railway shares, and is reputed to be very rich, though no living soul is admitted to his confidence in money matters—his only child, his poor, cowed, uneducated, neglected daughter, least of all.

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"Well, you've come back at last, Marcia," her father remarks, just raising his head from the newspaper as his daughter enters the cheerless parlor, where the light of one small paraffin lamp just reveals the dark outline of the few old haircloth-covered chairs and sofa, and the half-dozen old framed prints on the dingy walls. The girl's heart sinks as she enters, well accustomed to the room as she is. "You've had a good long spell of it among the grand folks," Mr. Millar proceeds with a contemptuous air. "Your aunt, I suppose, is keepin' up to all the lords and ladies?"

"Oh, yes, father!" Marcia says in her meek, tame way.

"Foolish woman!" growls Mr. Millar, with a sneer on his thin, hard, puckered face. "Jane was always like that at home—high extravagant notions. Poor cousin Matthew's money's flinging away in fine style."

Marcia, knowing she is not competent to make any reply on the subject of spending money which her parent will not receive with scorn, holds her tongue.

"Well, I'll get to bed now," remarks Mr. Millar presently, "as I have to go over to Windermere to look at some timber to-morrow."

"Oh, I—I thought you were going the day after to-morrow to Windermere about the timber!" Marcia cries in dismay. "I thought you wouldn't be at home."

"I shall be at home. What put that in your head?" her father asks gruffly. "What do you want me to be from home for?"

"Only—I—I am asked to the wedding, father," Marcia answers, quaking in her shoes. She knows by bitter experience it is enough for her tyrannical parent to discover any earnest desire of hers for him to do his very best to thwart it.

"Oh!" Mr. Millar returns, frowning and tossing his head. "Goin' to the wedding! Well, to be sure! What notions your aunt Jane is puttin' into your head!"

"Well, it won't be the least expense to you, father," poor Marcia remonstrates, with tears of vexation in her eyes. "Aunt has given me a new dress and everything I want, and Lady Belle herself asked me."

"Oh, nonsense!" retrorts the father. "You had fitter stay at home and mind your own business. Stuck up there among fine gentry, gettin' idle extravagant notions into your head! I'll give your aunt Jane a piece o' my mind."

"And he will, as sure as can be!" Marcia weeps despairingly to herself in the dingy little room which is her virgin bower; but then all the rooms of her parental abode possess the trifling drawbacks to comfort and appearance that they are in the last stage of ancient shabbiness and decay from time and damp. "And then aunt will be offended, and she won't ask me on a visit any more; and so I shan't go to Hastonmere any more, nor see Lady Belle, nor see him. Oh, I'll never see him again perhaps after the wedding!" she cries in an agony of grief, clasping her thin red hands together. "He'll go away, and Lady Broderick, and every one, and I'll have to stay here by myself all my life."

And, when she has cried till her eyes are swollen, Marcia unlocks her little work-box, the repository of her few treasures, and puts the faded flowers from her purse into the place beneath the tray, where lie her most precious possessions—a shabby little bracelet made from her dead mother's hair, and odd glove, a man's glove, small in size, choice in quality, fawn colored in hue, and a photograph of Jocelyn Broderick.

CHAPTER IV.

AS it is now half-past four, and father will not be in to tea until six o'clock," Marcia Millar says, pausing wearily to lean against the door-post and look out at the golden sunshine, the tree-shadows, and the borders of London pride, purple gilly-flowers, peonies, and pansies in the rambling old garden—which Mr. Millar thriftily utilizes by planting with potatoes and cabbages up to the long parlor windows—"I think I will go and make myself tidy, and rest for the evening. I am so tired, I cannot work any more."

Having been at work—hard and continuous work—since seven o'clock the same morning, Miss Millar's resolution does not seem very unreasonable. But she is very tired—poor Marcia!—from having washed and ironed some linen for her father, done considerable amount of the coarse plain cookery only permitted in Mr. Millar's menage—some household bread, a big pork-pie, and huge suet dumplings—and performed a few trifling jobs of washing down the staircase, sweeping and dusting, and rubbing furniture.

Mr. Millar only employed one servant, whose time is entirely occupied by the small farmyard which he keeps with considerable profit. Marcia is now, after more than nine hours of such light and agreeable employment, so very tired, that she waits wearily to rest, though her faded old cotton gown is wet and soiled, her face and hands are unwashed, her dull light-brown hair rough and untidy.

As she lingers by the open doorway, looking out at the sunlight and the flowers, she hears a quick light step coming along the moss-grown path beside the house—for the front door is merely squeezed into a recess at the side of the house, and strangers have been known to wander wildly through the potatoes and cabbages for a considerable time before discovering any entrance whatever.

A pang of alarm seizes Marcia—but then they never have any visitors, and people coming on business to her father generally turn off and go into the farmyard to seek him in person, and it cannot be any one from Hastonmere, or——"

But, as she shrinks back from the bare idea, worse than she had ever feared is the reality. For, walking up face to face with her—shabby, dirty, untidy as she is, with the afternoon sunshine revealing every rent and stain in her miserable gown, her old shoes, her soiled hands, her twisted-up dusty hair—is Jocelyn Broderick—fawn-colored and perfumed—the old smile of stepping out of a band-box hardly doing justice in his light summer suit, his snowy linen, his pale kid gloves, and with the moss-rose in his button-hole.

If the earth could only have opened then and there and swallowed up Marcia, her last sigh would have been one of gratitude for her deliverance from her terrible plight. But, no such happy catastrophe occurring, she finds her feet rooted to the ground, and is utterly powerless in her dismay, while the perspiration bursts out on her brow, which has grown scarlet with shame.

"Oh, how d'e do?" Jocelyn asks—his straw-colored eyebrows elevating themselves faintly with astonishment at the spectacle—and then goes to shake hands, with a visible look of repugnance as he extends his spotless creamy fawn-colored glove; but Marcia saves his glove and his feelings, for she puts her hands behind her, and stammers out excuses for her appearance with downcast eyes and burning cheeks.

"Ah," Jocelyn continues, with an effort at an easy smile, "been gardening and watering and so on, I suppose! It does get one in a shocking mess sometimes'—with a slight shudder at Marcia's begrimed old gown and muddy shoes. "Ah, I called—that is, Miss Millar, I was passing this way," Jocelyn proceeds, twisting his slender pale moustache carefully, "and I called with a message from Lady Belle Carnegie. At least Lady Belle said this morning she hoped you would come over to Hastonmere very early to-morrow morning—she will send for your dress if you like from Mrs. Millar's—Hedgly House—to-night."

"She is very kind—so very kind," stammers poor Marcia, blinded with tears of cruel mortification, distracted with grief and disappointment at the malicious trick the evil fates have played her.

For this fawn-colored young gentleman, this elegant dandy, this eminently aristocratic Jocelyn Broderick—who is going to be an attache to an embassy, marry an heiress, be a member of Parliament, and perhaps a member of the peerage one of these days—it is all in the scheme which his clever titled sister-in-law Lady Broderick has laid out for him—is the god of poor, plain, shabby Marcia Millar's fondest, wildest idolatry.

She has adored Jocelyn Broderick from the first hour she met him, and has kept a diary and recorded every word he spoke to her, or spoke of her. Marcia has lived in mingled rapture and torture day and night these two months, from the concealed adoration of her heart for Jocelyn Broderick, and from the knowledge she has that Jocelyn is in love more or less with Lady Belle Carnegie, and that Lady Belle is in love with him—at least Marcia dreads this, though she has no real confirmation of it.

Then, again, Lady Belle is to be married to Sir George Gardiner; and Marcia, though very fond of Lady Belle, and pitying her for the terrible fate of being compelled to marry an old man while she is obliged to forsake the beautiful fascinating Jocelyn, is yet in terror that Lady Belle will fling aside elderly Sir George and his gold, and cling to her young true-love, marry him, and be, of course, happy for ever after; and, in consequence, she—wretched Marcia Millar—must die of a broken heart.

She might have rejoiced in the light of his eyes—this knight, this hero of hers—heard him speak to her alone, uninterrupted; and perchance in this sweet solitude—they two together in the summer evening, she looking neat and nice, and almost pretty in her lilac ribbons and her best gray gown—he might have said, "Marcia, comfort me," and Marcia would have wept for his woes and comforted him tenderly; while he might have learned how truly, dearly, madly his poor Marcia loved him. And now it would never be, because she had waited to bake that hateful pork pie she had dressed herself!

"Will you come in and rest a few minutes, Mr. Broderick?" she asks, almost careless in despair whether he stays or goes.

Oh, that she could have a few minutes to change her dress, brush her hair, make herself neat and nice, and then rejoin him in the parlor!

"Well, thanks, it is rather warm this evening—I will stay a few minutes," replies Mr. Broderick graciously.

Marcia's heart bounds with hope and gladness. She then begs him to excuse her for a few minutes, to which Mr. Broderick, with an enchanting smile, assents; and Marcia rushes up-stairs and commences a frantic species of toilet, attiring herself at lightning speed, brushing wildly at her hair, which will not "do up" right, pinning her collar to her neck instead of her dress, and thrusting her best new shoes on the wrong feet.

She is panting, hot, and flurried as she hastily puts the last finishing touch—a smart lace tie—to her dress, and pauses to draw breath on the staircase ere she descends. As she does so she hears voices in the parlor. Then he is not alone in the cool and gloomy apartment, which Marcia has been rejoicing she cleaned and furbished up to-day. He is not passing the time of her absence by reading any of the light literature of fifty years old magazines or the Farmers' Guide from the book-case; he is not alone, and Marcia's last hope from this propitious interview has fled.

She is sick and faint with disappointment as she crouches down on the stairs to listen; but, as she hears the gay clear voice which is replying merrily to Jocelyn Broderick, a burning pain of fierce wrath and jealousy seems to set the girl's breast on fire. The clear laughing tones are Lady Belle's. It was she whom Jocelyn Broderick came to meet. He has tried to deceive her. They are both wicked, cruel, and deceitful! She repeats the epithets twenty times in her fury of unreasoning jealous misery. She hates Lady Belle—she hates all these insolent gay aristocrats; she hates Lady Lady Broderick and those haughty fashionable girls who are her friends, and are to be Lady Belle's bridesmaids; but she hates Lady Belle worst of all.

Poor, desolate, unloved, miserable Marcia! She thinks of herself as one most foully and cruelly wronged. All her hidden passionate love—the one powerful emotion that has ever possessed her tame colorless nature—leaps up into life, like a sleeping monster aroused and goaded to madness. She is beside herself, and every kind and gentle feeling is swallowed up in the tempest of her burning vengeful despair. She thinks of Lady Belle's rank and title, her girlish graces, her high unbroken spirit, her light glad heart, and her haughty winsome ways, the dark brilliant eyes whose fearless light has never quailed, the merry ringing laugh that has never known harsh chiding, the fair slim little hands that have known no labor, and Marcia's soul swells with hatred against her—this wicked, selfish aristocrat, marrying for his gold a man who might be her father, and yet on her very wedding-eve having a secret interview with her forsaken lover, to play with his heart and keep his allegiance to the last moment.

She cannot hate Jocelyn Broderick—cruel, beloved, handsome, merciless Jocelyn Broderick. Alas, he is suffering cruelly—he must suffer for his love and truth to this false, base Lady Belle! Oh, how she hates her! Her kindliness and generosity, her gentle words and friendly deeds, are all forgotten by Marcia. She only remembers the difference there is be-

tween Marcia Millar and Lady Belle Carnegie—the false, heartless aristocrat, who possesses the priceless treasure of Jocelyn Broderick's noble heart only to weigh it in the scales against an old man's gold. It is thus Marcia always dramatically alludes to Sir George Gardiner in her own conversations with herself.

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"For what on earth brought you here, of all places in the world, and of all people in the world, I cannot imagine!" Lady Belle says, laughing, but a suspicion of a frown knitting her white forehead between her dark hazel brow. "I got so dreadfully tired of all millinery business going on in Lady Broderick's rooms. All of them were so busy that they could not speak to me, and it wasn't etiquette for Sir George to come over this evening; and I got so bored and so cross that I thought I should just like an escapade to amuse me, and give every one a good fright when they look high and low for me, to try on one of those wretched bonnets or those scratchy wreaths, and can't find me. They will think it is a modern edition of 'The Mistletoe Bough,' and go frantically smashing open all the old trunks and cupboards in Hastonmere!" Lady Belle cries, overflowing with thoughtless glee. "And poor Sir George will think he will have only a skeleton bride."

But she pauses here abruptly.

"No; I must go back before they get alarmed. I should not like—Sir George would be angry—grieved." She falters and looks down, and draws imaginary figures with her little ungloved fingers on the faded old red table-cloth. "I only came over here to see Marcia for a few minutes—it was such fun coming by train; and I tied my gossamer veil tightly over my face, for fear I should encounter a wedding guest, and 'fix him with my eye,' like the 'Ancient Mariner,' dumb with horror and surprise at such an outrage of les convenances," Lady Belle says, beginning to laugh again. "I am always outraging les convenances, according to Lady Broderick. I hate les convenances! I shall do as I like when I am Lady Gardiner."

Then she pauses abruptly again and looks down, a swift rose-flush spreading over her fair young face.

"Yes," Jocelyn remarks, with what he intends to be tragic expression, "when you are Lady Gardiner. You will of course be free, happy, and unfettered then, Lady Belle. I wish you every happiness."

"Thank you," Lady Belle answers sharply, biting her lips, and the rosy flush deepening. "I believe I shall be very happy. Sir George is a good, kind man, whom any one could love and honor."

She very nearly adds "There!" in her girlish fashion, for the words are a defiance, and are meant as such, to the numberless romantic and despairing speeches Mr. Broderick has thought fit to bestow on her as the time for her marriage draws near; and the sentimentality in which he has indulged towards her finds, he is nettled to perceive, less and less response from her bright honest nature.

"Of course he is," Jocelyn observes with sarcastic calmness. "Of course you have no regrets for the past, Lady Belle, and nothing but blissful anticipations for the future."

"You are right," Lady Belle answers with dignity.

And then there is an awkward silence, for elegant Jocelyn, master of small-talk as he is, has not a word to say, and looks discomfited and sulky.

"I wonder what can keep Marcia?" Lady Belle says impatiently. "I must go back by the next train."

"She went upstairs, I think," Jocelyn replies shortly. "I shall wait to escort you home, Lady Belle."

"Oh, no, thank you," Lady Belle says carelessly. "I must go back as I came. Just wait a minute until I see where Marcia is."

And she runs out, calling Marcia blithely, and no power of second sight presents to Lady Broderick's shocked vision the spectacle of the titled young bride, Lord Hastonmere's daughter, her ward in close chaperonage, scampering up and down stairs in the dingy old farmhouse, through kitchen, diary, and farm-yard, and even recklessly rushing through Mr. Millar's freshly-earthed potatoes and cabbages, in fruitless quest of Marcia Millar.

"I cannot find her," she says at last, looking blankly disappointed; "and I wanted to see her so much!"

"I told her so. I heard you say you wished she were at Hastonmere, so I took the liberty of calling here and telling her your wish," Jocelyn remarks, with an injured, tenderly-reproachful air.

"You did?" Lady Belle inquires. "You were very kind, but——"

"I was giving myself the greatest possible pleasure to render you the least service, Lady Belle," Jocelyn continues, with a gentle melancholy of tone and smile, which he has always found most effective.

Lady Belle is however utterly unimpressionable, for she looks rather impatient and vexed than otherwise.

"I am sorry you took such a journey on a hot summer day, merely," she says, laying a stress on her words, and with a glance at his exquisite attire which makes Jocelyn wince, "to carry a message which I did not think important enough to cost a penny postage-stamp. However, I cannot find Marcia now, and I must go home. I must tell Lady Broderick all about my journey, and the why and the wherefore of everything."

"I shall say nothing, Lady Belle—you may trust surely to my discretion!" Jocelyn says, with an air of chivalry. "I shall not attempt to accompany you or——"

"You can say what you please to whom you please," retorts Lady Bell, with unmistakable signs of temper in her flashing eyes, "and come home every step of the way with me if you please, though I shall not speak one word to you for worrying me so!"

And then Lady Belle dashes out of the house, making all sorts of spirited resolutions in her haughty young heart, deciding to tell Sir George every word of the affair, intending to be very cross and imperious with Lady Broderick, resolving to give Marcia Millar a regular scolding for being so stupid as to be out of the way when she wanted her particularly, to tell her that she meant to inform Sir George she would have Marcia for her "companion" after she was married, that she meant to give to her the handsomest salary and the nicest presents, and the happiest life any "companion" ever had. She means, last and most strenuously of all, never to forgive Jocelyn Broderick for what she shrewdly guesses to be an unworthy, unmanly ruse on the part of this gifted and sentimental young gentleman, either merely from lingering sentimentality and extreme bad taste, or from some darker and worse arriere-pensee, of which she does not like even to think.

And Jocelyn the elegant, with a sense of discomfiture, vexation, and spitefulness tingling every vein, follows Lady Belle's swift retreating figure homewards.

CHAPTER V.

"AND, if you only knew," Lady Belle says impressively, "how thankful I shall be when it is all over, and I am quietly married!"

"My dearest child—such an extraordinary thing to say!" Lady Broderick rejoins, drinking her coffee and making some anxious calculations mentally at the same time, so that she hardly notices that Lady Belle is speaking.

"Just look at the trouble, worry, and confusion," Lady Belle continues, elevating her eyebrows as she looks around Lady Broderick's spacious dressing-room and bed-room, which resemble the show-room of a fashionable modiste, with dresses, flowers, wreaths, boxes, and tissue-paper. "There are such a horrid lot of strange servants in the house too—and that dreadful breakfast!"

"Dreadful breakfast? Belle?"

"Well, I don't quite mean that," Lady Belle says, laughing and looking over her shoulder at Marcia Millar. Marcia is executing some small alterations on her aunt's bridal costume of magnificent blue brocade, Mrs. Millar being down-stairs engaged with the housekeeper. "But it does look rather terrific—a kind of solemn lying-in-state arrangement, all that cold glitter of glass and silver, the white linen and white flowers, with the fresh white curtains shrouding the windows, the drawn blinds, those white rugs, the new whitish carpet, that silent, solemn, white banquet, and all the empty chairs. The room made me feel as if it wanted not ing but a corpse;" and Lady Belle shivers. "It frightened me horribly, and I haven't been warm since. I wonder why people can't get married quietly, without all this fuss, ceremony, and delay," she says; and the hazel brows are knit and the hazel eyes suddenly dim with unshed tears. "I hate it. I feel as miserable as if I were going to be sentenced to penal servitude for life."

"My love, I know what is the matter;" and Lady Broderick speaks with maternal tenderness. "Marcia, just bring me the sal-volatile you will find in——"

"I will not take sal-volatile, Lady Broderick," Lady Belle says mutinously, "nor eau de Cologne, wine, nor brandy, nor any of those horrid things to give me false spirits and gaiety. I shall be nervous and low-spirited if I like—I shall cry if I like!" And Lady Belle makes her words good instantaneously, for she bursts into tears.

"I feel so desolate to-day," she sobs. "I have no mother, no father, or brother, or sister. What do I care for all these fine things and these fashionable clothes—a dozen times more than I shall ever want? I would rather have just walked into the church in my holland gown and told nobody until it was all over."

"My dear child, you are low and nervous—this is all nonsense!" Lady Broderick says hurriedly; and then, in tones of earnest entreaty and alarm, "My dearest child, for mercy's sake stop crying! Your eyes will be actually red!"

"Let them be red!" retorts Lady Belle. "I can't do much else as I please, but I will make my own eyes red if I please."

Lady Broderick presses her lips together in dignified silence; Marcia Millar shrinks within herself in her corner, and glances in breathless dismay at the happy bride sobbing as she stands in the window. For this is the wedding morning, and three hours more will make Lady Belle Sir George Gardiner's wedded wife.

"Oh, poor unfortunate Lady Belle!" breathes Marcia inwardly. Romantic pity for her cruel fate is uppermost in Marcia's love-lorn heart to-day, seeing that in a few hours Lady Belle will be beyond Jocelyn Broderick's reach, for ever it may be—in any case parted from him for months—and with the barrier of marriage between them.

Jealousy of Lady Belle is sore and deep in Marcia's heart; but when she thinks of her being obliged to part from Jocelyn Broderick and marry Sir George Gardiner—so infinitely his inferior of course in everything but wealth—Marcia cannot but feel compassion for her.

And what must Jocelyn be suffering too? Marcia would weep over her aunt's blue brocade—if she dared—at the thought. And to stand by and see her he loves give herself to another! The last evening, she supposes, for a final parting—poor things!—met to take their last farewell of each other; and she—Marcia—through her unhappy love for Jocelyn, could not endure to see them, to witness their love or their sorrow, or hear their confidences; so she fled away and hid in an out-house until she saw them both go down the road to the station.

A big tear falls at this juncture right on the front breadth of the blue brocade, which catastrophe obliges Marcia to forget broken hearts for a time in her anxiety lest a spot should meet the keen eyes of Mrs. Millar.

This lady however receives her blue brocade without detecting any fault therewith; indeed she is glowing and radiant with satisfaction, for the gorgeous robe has been a decided "bargain," like every purchase of Mrs. Millar's wardrobe, and almost every purchase of her household management.

Mrs. Millar's brocade is donned at the same time as Lady Broderick's olive-green silk and velvet. Then the bridesmaids, in their elegant costumes, with the flowers and ornaments of different hues to match, congregate in the drawing-room. Marcia Millar catches a glimpse of them—those six aristocratic damsels—the youngest of them older than the bride—all snowy-robed, flower-adorned, bejeweled; and her own modest gown of pale blue, which she has thought almost too grand for her to wear, seems scanty and poor beside all that costly rustling perfumed elegance.

"Is dearest Lady Belle ready?" they ask; and they petition to be allowed to go up "to help her."

Lady Broderick however positively refuses, for she will not lose one iota of the impression she means to make on every one by her taste and her designs. The bridesmaids' dresses are her selection, and the bridal banquet has been her care and study for weeks. Her own dress too is marvelously tasteful and becoming while the bride's dress has been made after her minutest directions. The "whole affair"—as she terms it—dresses, breakfast, decorations—nay, the "mystic tie" itself—is her doing; and, as she has had carte blanche from Sir George Gardiner for all the expenses, she has succeeded in becoming a centre of homage to all her tradespeople and a centre of admiring envy to all her friends.

At last, as Marcia is nervously trying to button her gloves—Marcia's gloves never fit well, they are cheap, and her poor hard-worked hands have large joints—a slight stir is heard in the upper part of the house; down the staircase comes softly rustling a slender white figure, with long draperies of richest satin and misty folds of lace and tulle. On the rippling nut-brown hair, above the sweet ivory-pale young face, is a coronal of freshly-gathered orange-blossoms, scenting the air as she passes with their subtle fragrance. Two stars of splendid diamonds flash in the light amongst rippling tresses and the orange-blossoms; and a necklace, with pendent stars to match, diamonds of the purest water, scintillate on the white neck beneath the bridal veil.

"Exquisite! Fit for a queen!" one of the bridesmaids whispers, as they see the diamonds. "Cost two thousand pounds, I have heard. She ought to be happy."

Yet there is no smile of happiness or light of gaiety on the rigid white girlish face—sorrowfully girlish and young to be so white and fixed; but she is very dignified, and greets her bridesmaids with gentle courtesy. The old gentleman—a white-headed general—who is to give her away waits in the hall, and she goes down leaning on his arm, then steps into the waiting carriage, and is driven to church, whither her flock of bridesmaids have proceeded her.

The girl's composure is unruffled. She betrays not the slightest nervousness during the ordeal of the ceremony. Marcia Millar is watching with awe, pity, and admiration the lovely young girl in her youth and innocence, kneeling with that white set face in her bridal satin beside the dignified gentleman with the grizzled hair, so bald on the temples, while Jocelyn Broderick, the forsaken lover—exquisite, elegant Jocelyn—stands by.

Lady Belle has not looked at Jocelyn—not spoken to him; in truth she does not know he is there, and has forgotten his existence; but Marcia, who never dreams of the possibility of this fact, and Jocelyn himself, who hardly dreams of its possibility either—in spite of his rebuff the day before—are both convinced that Lady Belle's impassive calm is the result of a strong effort of will to blot out the past and all its tender memories.

Marcia and Jocelyn do not quite understand her later on. The ceremony—the brief, fateful twenty minutes—is over; the wedding-ring is on the bride's slender white finger; the last benediction is pronounced; and Sir George and Lady Belle rise from their knees "man and wife." Then they go into the vestry to sign their names, and all their friends crowd around to congratulate—Jocelyn with deep and pathetic meaning in her eyes and voice, Marcia tearful and incoherent as the bride stoops and kisses her kindly. A change has now come over the bride's set marble-pale face—a little flush of delicate color, while her lips quiver a little as she smiles, and her dark beautiful fawn-like eyes have lost the wild, hunted look they have often had of late in all the hurry and bustle of this grand marriage.

She looks excited, tremulous, lovely, but not proud, calm, and rigid any longer. She looks—Marcia and Jocelyn could not believe it if they would, would not if they could—secretly happy.

They—she and Sir George—pass into the vestry a moment earlier than their crowd of friends and the bridesmaids. In that moment, as they pause an instant within the mediæval curtains, and the clerk opens the register-book, Sir George observes the fair wistful face looking up to him, breathless, timid, with a world of mute pathos in the dark sad eyes; and, heedless of everything and everybody, he clasps her—Brussels lace, satin, orange-blossoms, and all—tightly to his breast, and kisses her passionately.

"My own little love—my own darling little wife—my treasure!" he whispers.

And the blushing girlish face only smiles softly with downcast eyes, and the trembling girlish form clings to him as he holds her in his embrace. But the next moment the wedding-guests are crowding round them, and Sir George and Lady Gardiner are models of what an aristocratic self-possessed bride and bridegroom should be.

After the few minutes' drive from the church to Hastonmere, Lady Belle is monopolised by all her friends. Then the splendid banquet is served; and, as time passes on, Lady Belle's pale fair face grows rather weary with the noise, the glitter, the compliments, and the chatter and laughter consequent on champagne drinking, and it is with a visible look of relief she rises to put on her travelling-dress.

"You must go and take off your beautiful dress, dear," Sir George says in his calm fatherly fashion, though his eyes are dwelling with the tenderest and deepest admiration on her. "I am so sorry my poor mother could not see you"—for old Lady Gardiner is a helpless invalid, who never leaves her own rooms.

"I shall put it on for her, and have my portrait painted in it," whispers Lady Belle, smiling; "but take a good look at me now whilst you have the opportunity. I shall be 'The Woman in Green,' when I come downstairs again. You will never see me again as I am now."

She alludes laughingly to one of Madame Mathilde's chefs-d'œuvre in rich green velvet and silk—her traveling-dress—which is waiting upstairs for her; and Sir George does look passionately and tenderly on the face of his fair young bride, as, alas he looks on it no more!

[TO BE CONTINUED]

TWILIGHT VOICES.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

Oh, what are those voices calling
At the close of the dying day,
While the last sere leaves are falling
Along the gray forest way?

They are the voices that ever
Are haunting the chambers of air,
Prophetic, lamenting, and never
Still, even be earth most fair.

But heard at the twilight only,
When the noises of Life have ceased
And the heart feels sad and lonely,
Like a guest who has left the feast.

They are the echoes of sorrow
Long buried and put away—
The wild lament for a morrow
That was to have been to-day—

Mournfully wailing and calling
At the close of the Autumn day,
When the last sere leaves are falling
And the last light dies away.

MISSED AND WON.

BY S. D.

CHAPTER III—(CONTINUED.)

SOMEHOW, on its repetition, this unceremonious address failed to excite Archie's indignation. The humorous side of the situation was beginning to tickle his sense of the ridiculous; and, in what he imagined to be tones of the subtlest sarcasm, he replied:

"Yes, sir, what can I do for you?"

Perhaps the sarcasm was too subtle, perhaps the ears to which it was addressed were not sufficiently observant, at any rate the reply came perfectly unconcerned and indifferent.

"Lend us a hand with these things, and look sharp about it."

As if in a dream Archie busied himself to repack the bundle and replace it in the strap; while he of the gorgeous apparel looked on approvingly, but took no part in the work. When it was completed, he remarked:

"You seem a pretty handy sort of a chap. Are you in want of a job?"

Archie was thunderstruck—there was no mistaking the tones of authority in which he was being addressed. Was it his shabby suit or the loss of his moustache that had so sadly altered his appearance? While these thoughts flashed through his brain, his questioner, still awaiting a reply, repeated with additional emphasis:

"Are you in want of a job? Of course you've been in service before—anyone with half an eye can tell that from your appearance."

Archie's rage at this outspoken criticism utterly deprived him of speech, and it was at once set down as the silence of acquiescence.

"You see, I've just sacked my man for carelessness and impertinence. I'm off on a round of visits—country houses, so on; can't go alone—don't get a thing done for you if you haven't your man with you."

By this time he was talking quite as much to himself as to Archie, arguing himself, as it seemed, into advisability of adopting so unusual a method of engaging a domestic.

"Of course, I know nothing about you, and there's no time to get your character, but you look as if you'd suit me."

("Do I? Confound your impudence!" thought Archie.)

"So I'll take you with me on the job—two guineas a month, and all found of course—and if you suit me we'll talk of something permanent later on."

Archie was silent, revolving the desperate state of his finances, his failure to keep the appointment which should have obtained his uncle's favor, and indeed all the dismal catalogue of his embarrassments. But earnestly as he desired a way out of his difficulties, domestic service seemed, as he mentally phrased it, "rather a tall order," and even driven into a corner as he was, he paused.

"What are you hesitating about? Anything better in view?"

Archie could most truly reply that he had not.

"It's a little sudden, sir," he said, with as much of Jeames-like deference as he could manage to put into his voice; "give me a minute or two to think it over."

"All right, don't hurry yourself—take five."

With this limited respite Archie addressed himself to settle the question of his fate. If he didn't accept this astounding offer, what was he to do? He had within the few days which had elapsed since his uncle's invitation taken a somewhat malicious pleasure in impressing it on his friends, to whom he painted his future prospects in the most glowing colors; for very shame he could not bring himself to appeal to them with the news that he had at the outset forfeited all those gifts of fortune by missing the train.

His appearance was so altered by the lost of his moustache that, even if he encountered any of his friends, he felt pretty confident of remaining unrecognized. Were there any means other means of identifying him? No! His linen was only marked with his initials; his luggage consisted of a second-hand portmanteau, brought a few days before—his own having proved too large for the cabin on his intended voyage—on which he had fortunately forgotten to have his name inscribed; and, finally, this was not only a bird in the hand, but there was positively none in the bush; wherefore it came to pass that, having reviewed all these considerations, Archie Butler, at the end of the five minutes, rejoined the other and formally accepted his offer.

His new master received his decision quite as a matter of course, which offended Archie not a little, and at once began to give him instructions for the journey.

"Train goes at 12 45 from this platform," he said; "be here by the half-hour. Get yourself some food; you've got forty minutes," and he handed Archie a couple of half-crowns, and was turning away when—"Oh! by-the-way," he added, "you'd better know whose service you're in, Davis—always call my men 'Davis'" (this in answer to a very surprised look from Archie), "saves learning a lot of new names, you know. Here's my card."

He walked away, and Archie, left to himself, glanced at the bit of pasteboard in his hand and read:

"MR. ALURED SEPTIMUS GUINNEY."

Horror upon horror's head! Not only was he in domestic service, under a false name bestowed by the caprice of his new master, but that master was, by the irony of Fate, the son of his own tailor!

Instinctively he made as if he would tear to atoms the offending card, but his purpose was somehow hindered by the coins in his other hand, and as he stood there, the half-crowns balanced, so to speak, against the visiting card, it suddenly occurred to him, and not for the first time that morning, that he had breakfasted very early and very hurriedly, and that he was ravenously hungry; he hesitated, and, hesitating, was—so far as his resolutions of independence were concerned—lost.

When a man's appetite declares against him, truly his state is perilous; his enemies are at the gate, nay, rather within the gate—and his only course is to surrender, as Archie did, at discretion, and like him to bow to Fate with as good a grace as possible.

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"Chop, potatoes, and a pint of bitter, if you please."

"The rest in silence," and gnashing of teeth.

CHAPTER IV.

A SHORT and easy journey landed Archie and his new master at their destination, a comfortable country house between Havant and Chichester; the only contretemps so far as "Davis" was concerned being that, as his master's luggage filled and indeed overfilled the dog-cart which awaited them at Havant, he had to leave his portmanteau in the cloak-room there, and with a light handbag to tramp the three miles and a half of country road between the station and Wilmersdon Court.

While enquiring his way in the village of Wilmersdon, Archie chanced on a housemaid from the Court, one of his fellow-servants, as he owned to himself with a very half-hearted chuckle, and having obtained permission to escort her home, began, circumspectly and with no small misgivings as to his powers of properly sustaining his character, to pump his companion as to Wilmersdon Court and its inmates.

"And were many of the family at home?" he enquired.

"No, none! Indeed this is a party, as a body may say, Mr. Davis, without 'ost or 'ostess. You see Missus is a widow-lady, Mrs. Nonsuch, the Honorable Mrs. Nonsuch—very quiet and religious she is, and horse-racing's a thing she can't abide."

Archie duly agreed, but failed as yet to see what the fair Abigail was driving at.

"So at racing time," she continued, "the 'Sussex fortnight' they calls it, she lets the Court to six gents—your master and a lot like 'im."

"Nice crowd they must be," thought Archie.

"Half her year's rent she clears, I have heard, does the missus by that fortnight, and so she oughter; for, oh! Mr. Davis, the mess of it—smoking and drinking all over the place; the drawing-room carpet a mask of cigar-ashes, and brandies-and-sodas in all the bedrooms. Ah! it's 'ard on the 'ouse, and it's 'ard on the 'ousemaid; but then the rent's good, and the tips is good too, so neither missus nor us needn't grumble. And so you're Mr. Guinney's new man, him as keeps the tailor's shop and pretends to be a gentleman."

("Confound her, how did she know that?" thought Archie.)

"Well, I think we'll get on better with you than with his last Mr. Davis; he was a disagreeable feller."

With such-like artless prattle did Miss Dinah Hopkins beguile the way and enlighten "Mr. Davis" as to his new surroundings. So instead of a quiet country house, as he had expected, he was to find himself mixed up with a rackety party for Goodwood; well, it didn't much matter to him, racing had never been to him interesting either as a business or a pleasure, and after attending a Derby and an Ascot day, just to see what they were like, he had never felt tempted to repeat his visits; he was therefore as likely to remain unrecognized on and near Goodwood racecourse as anywhere else, and that was now his chief care. When they reached the house, and the ceremony of introducing Archie to the denizens of the housekeeper's room was duly completed—

"Oh! who—who do you think, Dinah," cried the cook, "come over here this afternoon, driving tandem, with his little tiger—that blessed boy, Tim, perched up behind—why that Mr. C'rruthers, him as was here last year, and they swore they'd never have again."

"He's a very nice gentleman," put in another fair domestic, "and they're all jealous of him, 'cause he's cleverer at cards than they are!"

"Clever! Ah! he's clever enough, is Mrs. Stephen C'rruthers," retorted the cook; "maybe he'll find himself too clever one of these days, if he's not careful!"

And Archie remembered himself, barely in time to stop an assenting groan.

"And he's brought his portmanteau, and invited himself to come and stop the week," concluded the cook.

"But wherever's he to sleep?" cried the housemaid, aghast at this piece of news; "why the house is full as full can be. We can't build the man a bedroom."

"You're to put the light bedstead out of the old night-nursery where Mr. Guinney's sleeping, into the missus' boodore."

"Ah! well there now," said Dinah, "I had hoped to keep that room free of 'em, but it can't be helped."

"Never mind, Dinah," chimed in Carruthers' former advocate, "I'll lend you a hand to get the room ready; and remember, he is a free one with his tips."

"And where are the tandem and the tiger?" asked Archie, in as indifferent tones as he could assume, yet with no little anxiety at heart; for though it was news to him that Carruthers possessed a tandem, or indeed any stable establishment whatever, yet he had a very distinct recollection of Tim, a cockney urchin as sharp as a needle, whom he had seen at Carruthers' lodgings on various occasions, and in whose society he foresaw that his incognito would run very considerable risks.

There was a chorus of "ahs!" and a consensus of opinion that "it was a shame," amid which Archie gradually learnt, to his intense relief, that the stables at Wilmersdon being as full as they could possibly hold, Tim had had to drive Mr. Carruthers' tandem over to Chichester and put up there.

"And now, Mr. Davis, if you'd like to see your room, and your master's; perhaps you'd better be getting things out, for the dressing bell will go in half-an-hour."

It didn't take Archie long to see his own room, which just held the bed, and washstand and himself; it really seemed providential that he had not brought his portmanteau, there would have been nowhere for it to go.

He could not help contrasting with the Spartan simplicity of his own quarters, the very comfortable appointments of his tailor's son, as he unpacked portmanteaus, boot-case and shirt-case, and littered the dressing-table with the costly fittings of his traveling-bag.

The great Mr. Guinney appeared as the dressing-bell rang, and commenced an elaborate toilette, whereat Archie gravely assisted; and indeed did the greater share of the work, for Mr. Guinney made a point of being as helpless as possible, holding apparently that if you have a servant, it is politic to get all the work you can out of him.

"You'll wait at table, Davis," he remarked, as he was about to go downstairs.

Now this was just what Archie did not wish to do; he was anxious to avoid Carruthers as much as possible, and not to risk recognition if he could help it; so he replied by enquiring, with due deference:

"In these clothes, sir?"

"Where are your other things?"

"In the cloak-room at Havant Station, where you had them put, sir."

"Then you'd better wait in those."

"Just as you choose, sir, of course; but I don't know what the other gentlemen will think. To wait at dinner in a traveling suit is a thing I've never been asked to do before;" here Archie spoke the simple truth, an exercise to which he was becoming sadly unaccustomed. "I have heard, though of course I don't know, that it's occasionally done by the gentlemen of parties in trade, knowing no better, I suppose."

"Ah! quite so, Davis, quite so. I'd forgotten your luggage was at the station," put in Mr. Guinney hurriedly, as he made his exit dinnerwards with some precipitation, leaving Archie, on that occasion at any rate, master of the situation.

A domestic servant on a visit leads a nice, easy, comfortable life, and Archie, having brushed and folded the great Mr. Guinney's clothes, and having cleaned and polished a pair or two of brown boots (no great hardship this, as it was a thing he had long been accustomed to do for himself), proceeded to spend the remaining hours of daylight in the kitchen garden, accompanied by his pipe.

With no inclination for supper or for the society of his "fellow-servants," he wandered solitary through groves of currant-bushes, thinking it must be confessed of little or nothing; true he had endeavored to return to the old financial problem which had so exercised him at Waterloo Station, but he had found it grown so complicated by his master's payments to him, and his own disbursements on the journey, and also by his own prospective receipts in the way of wages that he had given the matter up in despair; after all, what did it signify?

Fate had taken him in hand, and was dealing with him in a manner so stupendous that it was only waste of time and trouble to bestow thought on things utterly beyond his own control. Wherefore did he resolve, philosophically no doubt, yet in simple and unphilosophic phrase, "to sit tight and let things slide."

And so long time he wandered, oblivious of the clock, while the sun went down and the stars came out, and evening turned to night; while ever as he came along that side of the kitchen garden nearest to the front of the house, there came borne to his senses in the night air the scent of cigars, the clink of glasses, the babble of small-talk from the card-table; for the French windows stood wide open to the lawn, and Mrs. Nonsuch's drawing-room was receiving its annual baptême de feu, in the shape of smoke and speculation.

It must have been long past midnight when, as Archie returned from one of his peregrinations, he was met and surrounded by the entire female strength of the establishment, who came upon him, all talking at once after the manner of their kind, but with an earnestness betokening that something was seriously wrong. The result was confusing, until his old acquaintance, Miss Dinah Hopkins, managing to constitute herself the mouthpiece of the party, explained:

"We've come to ask you a great favor, Mr. Davis, and you must oblige us, now won't you?"

"Oh! do, do, do, Mr. Davis," cried the chorus, with all a chorus' unanimity.

"And what is it?" says Archie, cautiously. "You can't expect me to promise blindfold."

"Ah, that's so like you gentlemen," quoth the cook archly. "You never——"

Further words were stopped by a tremendous peal on the drawing-room bell, which echoed down the passage to the back door—at which they were standing.

"That's what it is, Mr. Davis," continued Miss Hopkins, in an awestruck whisper, "the drawin'-room bell; answer it for us, that's a good feller. Lor' knowe them as is there ain't fit for respectable girls to go amongst, drinking and smoking, and card-playing as they've been from dinner-time

till precious near daylight. It's more drink they want, I'll be bound; we've put it all ready on the tray; there it is, do take it in for us, Mr. Davis."

"Why can't the others do it that waited at dinner? Mr. Spinks' man, or Captain Foljambe's, or Mr. Carruthers'?" asked Archie, fencing with the matter.

"Mr. Carruthers ain't got a man with him; we told you so!" wailed the chorus.

"And as for the rest," cried the cook, con spirito, "it's no use asking men to carry a tray of our best glass, who can't carry 'emselves; they're drunk, Mr. Davis—drunk and a-bed this hour or more; oh, what would my missus say if she could see her house this day."

Here the bell rang again, and as the maids shrank into corners, and seemed strongly inclined towards hysterics, Archie thought it best to cut the matter short, by seizing the tray, and making for the drawing-room, while he inwardly cursed his luck at thus being given another chance of recognition.

His alarm, however, proved absurdly unfounded, indeed the room was too full of tobacco smoke to favor accurate observation, and as for its occupants—well, it was not the first time during the evening that that tray had been brought in with a full load, while the pile of empty bottles in the corner would appal Mrs. Nonsuch's simple domestics in the morning.

Cards were done with for the night, and were lying about, as Archie remarked to himself, when he found time, in the intervals of opening soda water, to look about him, all over the place, on table and on floor, ditto cigar-ash, whereof Mrs. Nonsuch's carpet had received its full complement.

"Done pretty well, haven't you, Carruthers?" asked Foljambe, a trifle thickly, as he peered into the contents of his pocket-book.

"Not so bad," replied that worthy, as he shut one eye, the better to examine a very small memorandum book wherein certain abstruse calculations were scrawled in, it must be owned, very zig-zag fashioned; the closed optic and a slight tendency to run one word into another were the only signs by which that experienced campaigner betrayed the warmth of that evening's work. "Began the week very well," he continued. "At this rate I shall soon cease to regret the loss of my very dear friend, Mr. Archie Butler, of whom an envious fate has bereft me."

"What, the amateur Mecenas! The milch cow!" cried two or three voices.

"Yes, the milch cow; lor! how angry he'd be if he knew anyone called him so; proud and poor, poor and proud; not a bad sort in his way—by no means ornamental, but very, very useful; I'll drink his health if anyone'll give me another brandy and soda."

"But where's he gone?"

"Abroad; broke, and his people have got to look after him—lucky beggar to have people to do it. I haven't. Never mind, milch cow's dry, and so am I, and how much longer you're going to be over that drink I don't——"

Here Archie succeeded in opening half a bottle of soda-water down his dear friend's neck, which sent that worthy grumbling and hiccoughing to bed, grasping his winnings with one hand, and the banisters with the other, while the rest of the company followed as they could, some little better than on hands and knees.

* * * * * * *

Archie was early up the next morning; had his cramped apartment been twice as comfortable as it proved he could not have slept peacefully under the same roof as his despoiler, and as he paced the garden paths in the July sunshine, and looked up towards the room where Stephen Carruthers was probably sleeping a sleep quite undistinguishable from the sleep of the just, he acknowledged in the bitterness of his heart how hopeless a mess he had made of his affairs.

That the man who had 'ad the run of his check-book, with whose I O U's his pocket were crammed, should boast of the ease with which he had swindled him, should amuse a lot of drunken boon companions by calling him a milch—bah! if he could only pay him out for it! But he couldn't, and that being so, he would not stay another hour in Carruthers' neighborhood—his fifteen and threepence would carry him to Portsmouth or to Aldershot, and if he must be in service, he would serve the Queen.

So, with his mind set on taking the shilling, he ran upstairs and packed the handbag, which was all the luggage he had with him, and then proceeded to leave on the breakfast-table a note for Mr. Guinney, wherein he announced, without explanation or apology, his departure; and enclosed to that gentleman the balance of his petty cash, when, just as he was leaving the house, unobserved, as he flattered himself, he was pounced upon for one last favor by Miss Dinah Hopkins.

"The boodore bell had rang twice, and, oh, would Mr. Davis be so very, very good as to answer it?" so pleaded that fascinating damsel.

It was now eight o'clock, his master would not be likely to stir till eleven, just in time to drive to the course after a late breakfast; those three hours would give him ample margin for retreat, less time would be wasted in doing this errand than in haggling over it with Miss Hopkins, so Archie hurried upstairs, and knocked at the indicated door.

"Come in," in the well-known accents of Stephen Carruthers.

Archie obeyed, keeping the open door well between him and the bed—an unnecessary precaution, as his "dear friend" was buried in the bed-clothes, and had turned his face to the wall, as if the light were as hateful to him as theology teaches us it usually is to things evil.

"Brandy and soda, you know—open it here, you know—no flat bottles for me."

Archie, suspecting what his errand would prove, had the materials ready outside, and produced them with commendable despatch. A shaky hand came forth from the bed-clothes to grasp the tumbler, and to return it, and then a voice—Carruthers' well-known voice, and Carruthers' well-known words:

"Want something for yourself, I suppose; look on the table in the window, some silver there—take five shillings, ten shillings, what you think you're entitled to."

And he turned over and rolled himself still closer to the wall.

"What I think I'm entitled to!" echoed Archie, speaking, in his impetuousity, more in his natural tones than he had been permitting himself to do during his brief experience of domestic service.

Carruthers was already half asleep again, but the tones of Archie Butler's voice must have reached and conveyed some associations to his drowsy brain, for he muttered to himself:

"Confounded old milch cow! Needn't think he's going to get anything out of me; give him a bit o' breakfast, and let him go!"

Exasperation swept away any compunction that Archie might have felt at taking Stephen Carruthers at his word; "take what he thought he was entitled to," he would, and with his dear friend's I O U's in his own pocket, and his dear friend's well-filled note-case on the table before him, it was easy enough to do so, and to leave ample record of the fact.

When the tenants of Mrs. Nonsuch's "desirable residence"—(vide advertisements) assembled at the breakfast table a little before noon, Mr. Guinney found himself minus an invaluable body-servant, who had held that confidential post for some twenty-four hours; but his loss was as nothing compared to that of Mr. Carruthers, who was minus the sum of £2,500 in Bank of England notes, being his winnings of the previous evening, and a considerable bit more, while, in their place, on his bed-room table he had found a neat little pile of his own I O U's accompanied by a polite note in the scrawling fist of Archie Butler.

For the first half-hour after this discovery, poor Mrs. Nonsuch's "boodore" was absolutely blue with blasphemy; indeed when the whole party assembled at the breakfast-table, later than was consistent with a punctual appearance on the course, things were far from gay, for there was little chance of their seeing the Sussex fortnight duly through, and Mrs. Nonsuch's prospects of getting her rent this year were sadly problematical.

The situation standing thus—on the first evening of their tenancy Stephen Carruthers had won from the rest at various games of skill and chance their available and, in some cases, unavailable assets, to the extent of £2,000 odd, all which, and more also, had on the next morning been transferred, in manner above mentioned, to Mr. Archie Butler; who now, having picked up his portmanteau at Havant, and having per contra thrown away all thoughts of enlisting, was making the best of his way to Southampton to interview the owner of the Lusitania or his duly-appointed agents, as to the best and most expeditious method of rejoining his Uncle Ralph.

* * * * * *

Who is this wandering guiltily along Southampton Quay as Archie appears to prosecute his enquiries? Not Uncle Ralph, surely? Yes, with equal surety, Uncle Ralph it is; two such bad hats cannot coexist in Christendom; that they should have visited the same sea-port within a few hours of each other is beyond the possibility of chance. Uncle Ralph it is, in the flesh, and without doubt, who cuts short his nephew's stammered explanations with:

"Well, Archie, my boy, let's say no more about your being late for the boat, for the fact is I was not exactly in time for her myself—aye, lad, the Lusitania had sailed a couple of hours before I arrived; never missed a train or a boat in my life before!"

"Never too late to mend, uncle," Archie felt emboldened to reply. "It's worth waiting for the next boat, and paying our own passage if need be, for the sake of carrying into foreign parts a somewhat more profitable cargo than a bundle of my very dear old friend's I O U's."

[THE END.]

WHAT IS MONEY?—The value of a commodity limits its quantity. Anything which can be obtained in a limited quantity, with a certain ascertainable amount of labor, and which is divisible, will serve the purpose of money.

Furs have been employed in some countries as money, cattle in others—as in the "Iliad," in the estimation of the respective value of the shields of Diomedes and Glaucus, the one worth nine oxen, the other a hundred oxen—bricks of tea in Tartary, cowries in Africa, rock salt in Abyssinia.

Other African tribes calculated in ngautes, a money of the mind, which has no substance corresponding to it, but the value contained in which has been sufficiently ingrained in their minds to answer the purpose of a measure of value. Bullion is chosen because it complies with these two conditions, difficulty of acquisition and divisibility, better than any known substance.

Is it not strange that we should turn this servant into our master and elevate that which is a mere medium for avoiding the inconveniences of barter into an indispensable necessary of life, hardly secondary to food and clothing?

If by some convulsion of nature the precious metals, gold and silver, were utterly destroyed, the world would be impoverished by the loss of a commodity on the discovery and manufacture of which much labor and time have been expended, but the only result would be that we should have recourse to some other contrivance.

The main business of life would go on as before, and the only difference would probably be that we should be oblige to have recourse to a paper currency, based on whatever might be found, after careful consideration, to be the most convenient or least inconvenient standard value. The question would be, as it is now, a question of remedying the inconvenience of barter by providing some means of fixing prices. That would be all.

A HINT.—Betrothed people are apt to be absorbed in each other to the exclusion of other friends. There is a great temptation to lovers to withdraw themselves from other interests, to make the parents and brothers and sisters who have loved a girl all her life feel that they are no longer necessary to her; that her heart is gone from them, while her form is in their midst. But it would be a nobler love, and one that would promise more for future happiness, that would hold the old ties more nearly and dearly because of this new one, dearer than them all, which would be sedulous to spare the home circle any slight, any sense of loss beyond the inevitable one parted presence. Love is the best gift of God, but it should be crowned with honor—a sovereign who exalts his subjects, not a tyrant who debases them. A noble-minded girl who will be careful in no least thing to hurl or slight the home hearts she is leaving, will show that she could afford to wait a little even for her happiness, rather than grasp it with unseemly eagerness.

TEACHER: "What is a synonym?" Bright boy: "It's a word you can use in place of another one when you don't know how to spell the other one."

PROTECT YOUR CHILDREN from the suffering and distress caused by Worms by using Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge. It thoroughly destroys these parasites, and by its Tonic properties builds up the system. There is no better medicine for the General Debility or Dyspepsia of either young or old. Sold by all Druggists.

Scientific and Useful.

IN COURT.—In recent legal proceedings in London regarding the noise and vibration caused by a neighboring factory, a phonograph was used to record these noises and reproduce them in court.

BABY CARRIAGES.—A baby carriage, designed especially for the use of those who live in flats, which can be folded together, so that one person can handily carry it up and down stairs is a New York invention.

RUBBER TIRES.—In the use of rubber tires for bicycles it must be borne in mind that no oil, varnish or grease should be allowed to touch them. Oil is an enemy to rubber. Care in this respect should be had in applying the oil to bearings.

ALUMINUM.—Experiments are being conducted at the armory in Springfield, Mass., in the use of aluminum for the bayonet scabbards for the new rifle. While the metal works well in bending and is about 50 per cent. lighter than the steel scabbards, no satisfactory method has been devised for soldering the edges together.

ROOFS.—Flat roofs have several advantages, and can conveniently be constructed of concrete, with iron or steel girders at intervals. If the under side of the concrete has to be the ceiling of the room below, it may be desirable that it should be quite flat. In this case the necessary falls and gutters can be formed with rough concrete laid on the top of the main body of concrete. The best material for finishing such roofs externally is asphalt.

OLD SHOES.—What becomes of old shoes? The Shoe and Leather Reporter tells us that vast quantities are taken to mills, where they are ground into fine dust. To this is added about 40 per cent. of india-rubber, and the whole is then subjected to a pressure of 6,000 to 10,000 pounds per square foot. The substance is then colored, and sold at prices some 50 per cent. below that of natural leather. It is manifestly a poor substance, and it is wholly wanting in fibre.

OPERA GLASSES.—A novel and ingenious attachment for opera glasses has been patented by a gentleman residing near Sydney, New South Wales, that will enable the user to see behind as well as before. The patent takes the form of a removable frame carrying the adjusting mechanism for a pair of reflectors, which are intended to be placed in front of the object glasses of the opera glasses. Any desired inclination can be given to these reflectors. The invention is also applicable to telescopes.

Farm and Garden.

BY-PRODUCTS.—The by-products of the farm are often of more value than anything else. A shovelful of manure is as valuable as its equivalent of grain.

IMPLEMENTS.—Implement trials demonstrate nothing so far as they pertain to the annual fairs. Much depends on the land and its condition. An implement that is well adapted for one farm may prove unsatisfactory on another.

TREES.—Trees are not desirable on the lawn, but may be placed on the borders. The roots of the trees prevent full growth of the grass. An evergreen—only one or two—may be used on the lawn, but it is now customary to have the lawn clean and free from everything but grass.

CORN COBS.—Corn cobs rank first among the fuels for producing potash. They are too valuable to be thrown away, and should be used as fuel in a manner to permit of saving the ashes. Every portion of the corn plant is useful, and the cob is as valuable as some other portions.

HOGS.—The French do not scald and scrape their hogs when dressing them, but place the carcasses on straw and set the straw on fire. Although the skin is blackened by this method, yet it is easily made white by washing. They claim that the meat keeps better when the hair is so removed, than if done by scalding.

ANIMALS.—An animal with a good appetite, and which eats a large quantity of food, giving milk or making growth proportionately, should be preferred to one that thrives on less food, but which produces but little. The object in keeping stock is to convert the food into the most product at the least cost, and if one animal can do the work of two, it is an advantage.

$100 Reward, $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

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Living by Rule.

The man who plans his work and allots his time to it invariably gets through most work and has the greatest amount of time to spare. It is the busiest men who generally seem to have the most leisure provided they are methodical and work hard when they profess to work.

"When does he find time to do his work?" is asked by those who fritter time away when they see a man with as much leisure as themselves, who nevertheless is known to get through an unusual amount of labor. Method is the explanation.

To live by rule is the best way of avoiding wear and tear. The duty that has its own time assigned to it is cast aside when the hour for its consideration has passed, and it no longer crosses one's purposes or brings distasteful reminders of negligence. The balance of work and rest may be kept by arrangement, and only by arrangement.

Sometimes rules of living are needed to guard against too much work. The mere effort of work is pleasurable to some men, and the victim of exercise goes on and on, and does not realize, without the artificial check of a rule, where a stop ought to be made.

In other cases the time-table that regulates labor is essential as a fortification of the indolent or careless against themselves. It is "a spur to prick the sides of their intent."

But the strongest reason why life should be mapped out and should follow a routine is the ease of habit. The duty that seems light at the proper hour of its recurrence may have grown onerous and heavy if left till a later period of the day.

It is with our brains, muscles, and wills as it is with our stomachs—they are most healthy when they are in regular and ordered use. Some of the most prolific writers of the century have recognized this physiological fact in a very practical way, by always sitting down at the same hour and writing a certain amount irrespective of the mood of the moment, and thus forming a writing habit at a particular hour. Scott and Trollope may be mentioned as writers who trusted to their habit rather than to inspiration.

The most important limitation to a life by rule is that one of the rules ought to be to leave in each day a period of freedom from rules. If we determine that we will work so many hours a day, and they shall be such and such hours, that we will take the exercise which our system requires, that we will strive to preserve the regularity of meals essential to perfect health, there ought to be also a certain time each day reserved for doing as our inclination may determine—hours of freedom for the expression of the individuality, apart from the necessities of duty or the calls of habit. It will be noticed in walking along a railway that the metals are never laid with their ends quite touching. A space is left that permits of the utmost amount of expansion that is likely to occur through the summer heat. If it were not so, the lengths of rail would close together, and the rails would be bent by the pressure of expansion. In the same way between our hours of serious work and thoughtfully-regulated duty should come spaces that will allow natural idiosyncrasies to have play, or that will give more time for this or that exceptional access of work.

And it behooves us to bear in mind that, valuable as rules are, none of them can be carried out with invariable rigidity unless we would become the slaves of time. But, with the proviso that all rules for living must have flexibility to suit special circumstances, and that each man must make his own plans to suit his express character and work, the device of living by rule gives greater productive power, less worry, more freedom, greater happiness.

Doubtless some slight defence may be made on behalf of the promiscuous worker, the man of moods, the rebel against the tyranny of times and seasons. It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that the carefully planned life is liable to fall into a groove which has a narrowing influence, and at its worst leaves its slave a "faddist," pottering round a dreary routine; but that is only where there has been too much organization, and the whole life has been ordered without the freedom of the daily "fling" that should be part of the plan.

The cramping of a stereotyped life need not be feared except in very rare instances, for the natural changes that come to most of us again and again make it necessary to modify our plan of living. We move from town to country, and the order of life at once alters; hours of working and resting must be rearranged; and the transition is good so long as we again become systematic. Although there are people who have fallen into the absurd rule of doing precisely the same acts at precisely the same hour every day, and so reducing themselves to the level of machinery, they are so few that they may be left out of account, for they must be independent, leisurely, and do little work depending on co-operation outside of their family. A stereotyped life demands a stability of circumstance which is rarely found nowadays.

It is not the plan for a lifetime that we are advocating, but a plan for the time being, so that work may always have its own natural period, and chance may be eliminated as much as possible from the shaping of our hourly life. Some part of each day should be put aside and not be touched except for the specific work which we know ought to be paramount; and this is specially needed for the tasks that cannot be done by bits.

Many very useful activities can be utilized to fill up the odd minutes of life. Some forms of reading, for example, are essentially occasional. The newspaper may be gleaned at any time, and there are books which may be carried in the pocket and read in snatches better than at a formal sitting; but serious work needs isolation in its own atmosphere, and that can be properly effected only by the setting up of a habit of concentration at regular periods. It is very irksome and not in the least romantic to put oneself in harness for a daily round like the tradesman's horse, but it is the only method by which leisure and a daily spell of freedom to do as one wills can be honestly earned and enjoyed.

MEN of prudence and real ability rarely act on the spur of the moment, and in affairs of difficulty see in anticipation the dangers and inconveniences which a false step may involve. Outsiders mistake wise hesitation for a revelation of weakness and incapacity; but impudence, trusting to that blind goddess who direct things as often rightly as she does wrongly, rushes into action and assumes the form of decision and capacity. Impudence without ability is rarely successful, though it may perhaps be questioned whether men have not failed quite as often by possessing ability without boldness. So potent however is impudence in itself that it would not be difficult to point to instances of men who have attained an ample share of worldly success by that simple quality alone.

THE race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death damp from the brows of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask it of their fellow-mortals; no one who has the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.

So complex and many-sided are we that it is difficult, if not impossible, to say where the true personality resides. If we had to choose between the longings of the heart and the doings of the hand, we should come nearer to the truth by selecting the former. It is what we love, what we hope for, what we revere, more than what we do, that shows what we are.

THE mixture of one error with much truth adulterates the whole—as the glass of pure liquid is rendered dangerous by the infusion of a drop of poison. We should therefore beware of all error, however slight and inconsiderable it may appear. One error may soon lead to a hundred—ay, to a thousand.

THE difference between riches and poverty is not a matter of money or what money will buy; it is almost entirely a state of mind. A matter of circumstances it may be partly; but of those circumstances the smallest is the amount of material goods possessed.

MAN is like a snowball. Leave him lying in idleness against the sunny face of prosperity, and all the good that is in him melts like fresh butter in the dog days; but kick him round, and he gathers strength at every revolution.

EVERYTHING good in the world needs emphasis, and certainly such love and enthusiasm for the good and the true as exist within us need all the nourishment they can obtain from free expression and continual sympathy.

Too many are in the habit of looking away from the blessings they have to think of those they have not. They engrave their deprivations and sorrows on the rock, but write their blessings on the sand or the waves.

OUR true acquisitions lie only in our charities. We gain only as we give. There is no beggar so destitute as he who can afford nothing to his neighbor.

THREE things that ruin many—to know little and talk much, to have little and spend much, and to be worth little and presume much.

WE are all apt to forget that happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked up in strangers' gardens.

TALENT is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

POST.—Donkeys and zebras have always had a cross on their backs. It has nothing to do with our Lord having ridden one. He never rode on a zebra.

READER.—Leave the dog's ears alone. Why should they not stand up? If you want one with hanging ears you should get one of another breed—a spaniel, French poodle, collie, or dachshound.

JULE.—St. Perpetua was a martyr, exposed to be tossed and gored to death by a bull, at Carthage, A. D. 203, at the same time as St. Felicitas. St. Dorothy was likewise a martyr, who suffered some years later than the above-named, A. D. 304.

DODO.—The best diet for a brain-worker must depend a good deal on individual constitution. But in general terms we may say, it should be a mixed diet, taken when not over-fatigued, nor late at night. Oatmeal, whole wheatmeal, bread-and-butter, fruit, fish, oysters, a slice of beef or mutton, and a vegetable.

F. M. R.—Genuine meerschaum is a natural production—a clay composed of silica, magnesia, lime, water, and carbolic acid. It was so-called because, when discovered on the sea-shore, it was thought to be solidified sea-foam—hence its name, meer being the German for "sea," and schaum for "foam." The Tartars used the article as soap.

P. F.—The so-called thumb and finger marks on a John Doree (or John Dorey), have nothing to do with the incident of the miracle performed by our Lord. The name is a corruption of jaune doree, yellow-gilded or golden yellow, a salt-water fish, though, according to tradition, the fish caught by St. Peter in the fresh-water sea or Lake of Tiberias.

KENT.—As persons east of Jerusalem yet turn to the East in saying their prayers, it is plain that the custom is older than Christianity. But wherever we may be on the globe, the sun still rises in the east; therefore the origin of the superstitious custom, equally found among the aborigines of Peru and the early Christians, must have been Pagan, and connected with the worship of fire; the sun, of course, being with such people the Great Ever-vivifying and Creative God.

HARDER.—Our advice always has been and will be, for a man in your dilemma, to follow the impulse of true love. Marry the girl whom you love; advantages of face, fortune, position, and education, are not for one moment to be weighed against love. It is a potent magician; its magic wand turns everything to gold; without it, even gold, youth, beauty, virtue, and godness turn to dust and ashes. What would all the world be to any one, what is it to thousands, without Love?

G. W. D.—A "dandy" we take to be a man who bestows too much time and thought on his personal appearance, and who, instead of being simply neat and dressing in good taste, according to his station and occupation, strives to attract notice by assuming the style of a fop. "Dandy" applies more particularly to dress than to manner or gift; so that a man may be a dandy without being a "fop," or making himself personally offensive, as well as ridiculous; but the term is often used in a mitigated sense to express more excess in neatness."

SCHOOL GIRL.—The proper pronunciation of the name "Psyche" (not "Phyche") is "Sykee." She was the wife of Cupid, in Heathen Mythology, and put to death by Venus, because she had deprived the world of her son; but Jupiter granted her immortality at the request of her husband. The name signifies "soul." She is generally represented with a butterfly's wings, that insect being the emblem of the soul. This explains the fact that, among the ancients, when any one expired, a butterfly was represented as fluttering above them as if rising from the lips of the deceased.

C. L. A. S.—There are various kinds of the tortoise family—as the land tortoise, the marine and the freshwater, etc. The land tortoises are divided into four genera and thirty species. Perhaps your pet may be a specimen of one of these. There are also marsh tortoises of small size, which live equally on land and in water. These emit a nauseous odor. The river sort are without scales, and are good for food. The great freshwater kind of the River Amazon is used as food. But the sea turtle or green turtle is the most valuable for food and for its shell. We recommend you not to put your pet into water if he seems to dislike it. Insects, flies, and such-like food may suit him.

LITTLE BLACK EYES.—1. It is not usual to go into mourning for a dead sister. If the sister was much older and had occupied the place of a mother or head of the household, it might be in good taste but not otherwise. 2. You had better not bother about the moles on your face. If you insist on it, however, a good doctor or surgeon is the proper person to consult. 3. In a formal call the card sent in by a servant is merely that the person to whom it is sent may know the visitor's name and standing correctly. It is not returned, of course; the party reading it may throw it one side, put it in a card-receiver, or dispose of it as she wishes. It plays no further part in the ceremony of the visit. In formal calls it is not usual to invite the party to take off their wraps. Ten or fifteen minutes is sufficiently long for a morning call. If a lady has many callers you see even this would take up a great deal of time. 4. Weddings rings and engagement rings in this country are now generally worn on the same finger. 5. It is not wise for a young lady to allow a gentleman to kiss her, before they are engaged.

OH, FOOLISH HEART!

BY J. W.

I knew a lady once—she smiled:
I thought she smiled for me alone.
Thou foolish heart! thou wert beguiled;
Her golden smile on many shone.
Thou foolish heart! Then why repine?
Thy folly brings this pain of thine.

Her voice, so musical and sweet,
Discoursed, I thought, to me alone;
I never guess'd she could repeat
Those charming sounds when I was gone.
Thou foolishheart! Then why repine?
Thy folly brings this pain of thine.

Her soft and rosy lips I press'd;
I thought such bliss was mine alone;
That others, too, I never guess'd,
Would kiss, and think the bliss their own.
Thou foolish heart! Then why repine?
Thy folly brings this pain of thine.

Only a Comedy.

BY EDITH STEWART DREWRY.

NO, sir; I tell you once and for all, NO!" exclaimed Sir Bertram de L'Orme, striking his hand heavily down on the padded arm of the huge old library chair in which he sat, in about as big a passion as he could possibly put himself into and keep himself up to—a harder job, that last, than the obstinate fiery old gentleman would have admitted for worlds. "Good heaven, boy! you must think I'm gone as stark mad as you are to dare to even ask me such a monstrous thing!"

"My dear father!" came the softest, most melodious of voices that ever wiled a woman's heart.

"Dear fiddlesticks, sir," down on the carpet went the baronet's foot with a stamp that told his sixty years had no lack of vigor; "much you young scamps ever care if you bitterly disappoint your parents by making fools of yourselves about any pretty face you see, if you can only get your way; but I'll be hanged if you shall. My only son, forsooth, marry an actress—a mere high-comedy actress—not you, young man!"

"I'll be hanged if I don't, though, and under your very nose, too," muttered the son under his moustache, with the most wicked flash in his handsome eyes, as they glanced covertly at his father, but aloud with ominous meekness:

"Gabrielle Fane is none the less a lady born and bred because she is an actress."

"Don't tell me"—another stamp—"the world's topsy-turvy nowadays! We're jostled cheek-by-jowl by persons whom we'd hardly have to hold our horse stirrups whilst we mount. Gentle-folks turn play-actors, and play-actors figure it about in society, all the more if it's a woman who has been through that sink of a divorce court, or been the heroine of a disgraceful scandal: the minute she's made everything else too hot for her, she turns upon the stage; nice lot they are!"

"And discredits it without ever being an actress—yes, I fully endorse that!" said the young man; "but I know you don't mean to cast a slur on Miss Fane, either as a woman or an actress, so perhaps you will relent. Ah! father, is it nothing that I love her?"

"No, all nonsense—fancy!" The baronet got up and began walking up and down angrily. "You—you won't come over me that way, sir—just caught by a pretty, artful girl, that's all. (Confound the fellow! he's got his mother's eyes and voice, her very look and tone). Audley, if you dare to make the girl an offer in the face of my flat refusal to such a disgraceful marriage, I'll disinherit you and never speak to you again."

The son, half sitting on the edge of the table, pulled his moustache as his eyes covertly followed the fine old man, and the younger's face and look were a study for the world of meaning in them and the mobile change with every emotion: the most rich, wicked mischief and amusement as at the finest comedy, dashed with a soupcon of irony about the resolute mouth; then a smile of exquisite beauty stole over the handsome face, softening the firm, delicate lips with even womanly tenderness, giving the softness of velvet to the heavily fringed, deep hazel eyes.

"You dear old man," he murmured, "the first is possible; but not the second, for either of us. I wonder which of us loves the other most! Equally, I think, only its character is different; and he has had all the burden of anxiety and responsibility. God bless his dear gray head!"

The tie between this father and son was particularly close and touching one.

Sir Bertram at six-and-twenty, Audley's present age, had been married to a beautiful woman, whom he deeply loved. Two daughters were born (both long since married), but it was not till after a lapse of five years that a son and heir was born—his parents' idol. The mother had died some eleven years ago, which irreparable loss had only strengthened the loving ties left.

Sir Bertram was simply wrapped up in his boy, with his noble, high-spirited boy, with his beloved wife's voice and eyes, and fine temper, full of mischief and fun as she had been, and so handsome and clever that his father might well be proud of him.

Both were at present guests, with others, of a rich retired Scottish advocate and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Graham, whose son Jock and Audley were Eton and Oxford chums, and also shared, Audley especially, great dramatic tastes and liking. There young De L'Orme had met Miss Fane, who was down both as a guest and professionally, staying this Christmastide at Green Towers to "play" in the theatricals that were to take place.

Audley, who was a very clever amateur actor, had undertaken to be leading gentleman, Jack was second, and his cousin, Helen Forrest, the "utility lady." They had all four been a fortnight in the house to arrange, to rehearse, and so forth, before the other guests arrived, Sir Bertram having only come down yesterday, and it still wanted a week to Christmas Day.

To and fro went the angry old man, sputtering and exploding all the more irascibly because his son's silence gave him no fresh excuse for attack.

"Yes, I mean it, though no doubt you flatter yourself I don't. It is just a mad, folly-struck infatuation, and I'll never consent, if you wait ten years for it. You're an ungrateful young scamp, sir! I've spoiled and indulged you till you think there's to be no limit to it, but I am your father, for all that, and I'll be obeyed in this! My son to disgrace himself and name, indeed!"

Audley bit his lip hard, for it was quivering, and his eyes sparkled again with mischief, but he managed to say with much humility and tolerable steadiness of voice:

"I don't quite see much disgrace in honestly marrying a young lady, father; but I'll say no more."

And he left the room.

* * * * * *

"I must think it over before to-night," he muttered, his bright eyes now brimful of fun, "then talk to Jack if I've first seen—— Whew! what an awful lark it will be! and he'll thank me in the end, I know. Wonder where they're all gone" (which meant, of course, "Where is she gone?"). "I'll stroll into the park and cogitate over my idea."

He made his way to the entrance hall of the mansion, took up his felt hat, popped on his furred ulster, lighted the inevitable cigarette, and went out. It was a fine winter's day, the trees and park, and hills beyond, white with the snow which had fallen lightly in the dawn, and the young man walked on, enjoying the beauty around as he took his way towards a part of the park where, down in a dell, a romantic little rustic bridge crossed a miniature river. As he reached the spot where the road descended sharply, he caught sight of a tall, slender figure standing below on the brink of the stream, and in a moment he had bounded forward and impulsively caught the girl's hands.

"Miss Fane!—Gabrielle!—forgive me: but to see your face—you here!—oh, you must have seen I love you—that I meant more than mere flirtation!"

"What else?—I had no right," the young actress faltered—"I only thought——"

But De L'Orme dropped those hands, to fold his arms about the slender form that half shrank, half yielded, to him, and bowed his head to hers.

"Sweetheart!—wife!" he whispered, "you do love me—you do love me—and so——"

"Oh! Audley!"—for with the word her lover boldly lifted the fair young face from his heart and kissed the crimson lips again and again. "Don't—don't!—oh! let me go, Audley—your father will never consent, and I cannot come between you two"—this with a bitter, half-stifled sob, and her futile effort against his strength ceased.

"Listen to me, dearest,—nay, first let me kiss the tears from those pretty eyes, and see them smile again, for it will all come right if you will only trust to me, and act out literally a serio-comedy with me."

Gabrielle looked up quickly as he now released her.

"What do you mean, Audley? You look—oh! so wicked!" At which Audley rippled out into such irresistioly gleeful laughter, that she was fain to laugh too, out of sheer infection.

"The preliminary matter is happily settled—now," said he, putting her hand in his arm, "so we'll stroll back, or you'll get chilled. Well, I suppose you will allow that I know my dear old pater better than you?"

"Why, yes."

"Of course he will never consent," continued Audley, his eyes dancing. "He has all the old-fashioned prejudice against the stage, and I am perfectly aware that he never will give his consent beforehand to his son's marriage with an actress: he has just to-day told me so; indeed, I was forbidden to make you an offer at all, under pain of disinheritance and never speaking to me again."

"Audley—Audley,—and you have done it!"

"My dear, don't be alarmed. Firstly, I shan't tell him; secondly, the last threat is simply empty air; he couldn't keep to it for six months, nor I either. I asked his consent to-day, as a matter of form, to fall back upon, do you see; he went into a passion, as I expected, and won't believe my heart is involved beyond 'a mad folly-struck infatuation,' and nothing will convince him it is but the inexorable logic of fact. The evil deed once done (as he has no real standpoint but prejudice), he is just one of those people who accept the inevitable. We might wait, wait, for ever, in vain, but once the fatal ring on this pretty hand, and I've not much fear but that he will come round. That is my dear father, the best, the dearest, that ever son had."

"Dear Audley! I love to see you two together!"

"Ah! my bonnie one, and how I shall presently love to see you two together," said Audley tenderly. "Well, I cannot openly defy him, and, equally, I cannot give you up, nor would I ask you to either elope or wed me secretly. And yet it shall be done openly before his face and scores of witnesses, and neither the pater nor any one will say a word to forbid—won't know it till it's too late."

"What do you mean, Audley?" said she, utterly mystified, but as much on the qui vive for mischief—young puss—as he was—harum-scarum pair of scapegraces that they were.

For answer, he stopped, and whispered something rather lengthy in her ear, ending with—"That's the lark. Are you game?"

She hesitated, but he persisted eagerly, and repeated the question.

"Yes, then. Oh! Audley, what fun, if you're quite sure of your ground, and of those three!"

"Sure as a church, darling. I'll speak to Jack and my man, and you take Helen in hand to-night. The game is worth the candle, if only for the comedy of it!"

And then off they went into peals of laughter, as if they were a couple of schoolboys, but then between them they only made up forty-seven years.

* * * * * *

"Jack, old fellow, are you awake?"

"Eh! Just going off," came a sleepy voice. "What's up?—Is that you, Audley?"

"Rather—hush!"

Audley noiselessly stole into his friend's room, shut the door, set down his lamp, and seated himself on the side of Jack's bed.

"Now then, wake up, mate; I want to talk to you."

Jack Graham shook himself, rubbed his eyes, and pulled himself up a bit on the pillows.

"You're wide awake enough, by Jove!" said he; "fire away, my son! What's in the wind?"

"A lark."

"That of course, wherever you're around. I'm your man, if you want one."

Young scamp the second had pricked up directly, like a bloodhound picking up his scent.

"You're a stunner, Jack, and so is your fair Helen. Well, firstly, I've been and gone and done it."

"No—you don't say so—how jolly!" cried Jack, in a delighted whisper. "Give us your hand on that, brother fiance."

Their two hands met; then Jack said, "Of course your governor is mad as a hatter—won't hear of an actress at any price."

"Oh! he was down on me this morning because I told him I loved Gabrielle, and asked his consent if I won her," said Audley. "Dear old man, his bark is much worse than his bite, if one doesn't go too far, and knows how to keep the weather side of him, as I do. He'll stand out for ever and a day as long as there is a loophole for hope to shine through, and if once the inevitable is done and past praying for, he'll give in."

"No, no, Jack. Look here. You've picked up a lot of law from your father, and are reading for the Bar."

"Yes?"

"And we've both, Gabrielle and I, been a fortnight in this Scotch parish of Greenbanks, and by Christmas Day shall have been twenty-one days resident in it."

"Yes?" said Jack again, with round eyes of delight—"I begin to twig the lark—by Jingo! A Scotch marriage, eh?"

De L'Orme nodded significantly, laughing silently.

"That's it, my son—just to be too legally tied for any law-courts to break it. I suppose our all being good staunch Church people won't affect that?"

"Not a bit, my boy. You must both mean it to be reality, and be able to prove the fullest intention to take each other, and irate father or law could get rid of the legal bond. Sir Bertram would be done, and have nothing for it but to consent to a real, decent, Christian marriage in church."

"Exactly, Jack—the only one any of us could recognize, of course, and that is my game," returned his friend. "Now listen to my plan."

He leant forward, and in a very low voice, interrupted once or twice by stifled merriment, detailed his idea, and when he concluded, Jack just lay back, smothered his face in the bed-clothes, and laughed till the bed shook again, Audley keeping him company to the full.

"By Jove!—what a lark! It'll be the death of me, Audley," spluttered Jack at last, coming to the surface as red as a turkeycock—"just picture them all, and your governor's face. I shall burst, I know. Of course Neil will help, and Gabrielle is too jolly for anything. A comedy indeed!—ha—ha—ha!—Will it be only a comedy, though? Not if we know it eh?"

"We are a graceless quartet of rackets, I guess," laughed young De L'Orme, getting up and taking the lamp. "Good-night, Jack, and pleasant dreams to you!"

The next day brought down the rest of the guests, making the house party about fifteen, exclusive, of course, of the Grahams and their ward, Miss Forrest, Jack's fiancee, but some forty more of the surrounding gentry had been invited to dinner on Christmas Day, the entertainment of the evening being Fairleigh's charming three-act comedy "Just too Late"—not a farce, but real comedy on the old lines, full of true wit and fine irony, with touches both of pathos and passion to set off the high comedy. Written in the historical period of the "fifties," the dresses and staging had been brought up to date by Gabrielle Fane and De L'Orme.

The play hadn't been done for years, and probably there were none of the audience who knew it much, save by name—certainly not its details of scene or dialogue—so that the slight additions interpolated in the last act by our rackety quartet who played the four leading parts would pass undetected. Dancing was to wind up the evening, of course. Perfectly aware that Sir Bertram was on the qui vive as to his son's attitude towards the beautiful actress during that whole week, Audley took very good care to pay her even less attention than before; he even chose to rather devote himself to a pretty heiress, Arabella Munroe, till the dear old gentleman began to flatter himself that his worshipped harum-scarum boy was quite nonplussed by his own stern prohibition, and had given up all thoughts of "that actress," whom he watched to see if she did "set her cap" at his son, and the more he did so the more vexed he grew, because in his secret heart of hearts, he felt drawn by her beauty and soft voice, and unaffected charm of manner: how he could have loved such a daughter if she had never trod the stage and—horror!—played boys' parts, and been made love to off and on the stage by everybody.

Dear, prejudiced, big-hearted old man! if he could only have seen into the library one night late after every one had retired, what would he have said? For there sat Mr. Sack with a very legal written declaration, Audley, Gabrielle, and Helen by him as he laid it on the table, and then the two first signed it, and the other two signed below, as witnesses to whatever it was, then they all looked at each other, and then—if that audacious young Audley

didn't stoop a little and coolly kiss the actress!

* * * * * *

"Dear Mrs. Graham," asked a lady in the drawing-room before dinner on Christmas Day, "who is that beautiful aristocratic-looking girl, dressed like a picture, to whom Mr. de L'Orme has just spoken?"

The hostess smiled.

"A great favorite of ours, Lady Ogilvie: that is Gabrielle Fane, the actress."

"Really! What an exquisite face! Dangerous?" laughed Lady Ogilvie. "I wonder how Sir Bertram likes his son playing the lover's part to such a pretty creature!"

"Oh! this isn't the first time, you know, and it becomes such a matter of business," said Mrs. Graham, "and Audley has been rather attentive to Bella Munroe lately. I think he laughs and flirts so with all the pretty women, bad boy, single, engaged, or married, that you can never tell whether he means anything or not."

So said the hostess, but she was as shrewd as she was charming, and had an inkling that De L'Orme did care for the young actress, and only scattered dust about to blind some folks.

Dinner was now announced, and the primitive hour of half-past six, and a hearty banquet it was, for Mr. Graham beamed from the head, the jolliest, most hospitable of hosts, and Mrs. Graham beamed from the bottom, a mile off, and if anything had flagged at all, Audley and Jack and Gabrielle were a host in themselves to keep things going. Dear me! how tongues did wag, and laughter ripple round, and how delicious it is to hear a good, hearty, joyous laugh run round a roomful of people. But all things have an end, and between half-past eight and nine the numerous guests, minus the players, were assembled and seated in the first of the spacious suite of reception rooms, the second of which, divided by a heavy green curtain, was the stage.

Whilst the audience waited, and the little band played, the buzz of talk went round, and programmes were studied and questions asked.

Arabella Munroe, seated between Lady Ogilvie and one of her admirers, read over her programme.

"I don't know the comedy at all, Mr. Selkirk," said she; "do you? What is it all about—the story, and all that, you know?"

"Pon my word, Miss Munroe, it is several years ago that I saw it, and I can't tell you more than the outline."

"Oh! do tell me, then, if you don't mind."

"If!" said Selkirk. "It is only a pleasure to please you. Well, if I remember rightly, this Lady Geraldine Beaufoy has two suitors, one of whom, Captain Fancourt (that's De L'Orme's part), she favors."

"She is a harum-scarum girl, isn't she?"

"Yes, and awfully jolly," returned Selkirk. "The other suitor, Sir Jasper Goldhawk, is a rich cad, who has got her father—I forget how—in his power, so that she and her lover are obliged to play him rather like a salmon, you know, aided by her Lucille (Miss Forrest) and Fancourt's faithful man, William Hunt (played by De L'Orme's real own man), and Lucille's brother Tom (Jack Graham), the registrar of births, deaths, and marriages."

"Oh! I see—hence in the last act the scene put down as 'The Registry Office,'" said Miss Munroe. "Pard'n! go on; how charming."

"Very. There are complications of course," continued Selkirk, "and, finally, the lovers manage to elope from a ball, which is kept up till nearly four in the morning, and get married at the registrar's office; and in order to throw her father and Jasper off the scent, Geraldine promises to marry the latter if he'll give her a certain paper 'in the hour she is wedded.' She and Lucille, wrapped in cloaks, then steal away, meet the lover and his servant, and drive off—a long distance, one gathers—to the registrar's house. However, presently the lady is missed by Sir Jasper, he somehow finds out the direction, and follows. That closes that act. Then comes the scene at the office," touching his programme, "when, of course, he arrives too late. Ah, look! there goes the green curtain; what a pretty act drop!"

The buzz of tongues hushed in expectation as the band stopped. Mr. Graham dropped into his seat beside Sir Bertram de L'Orme, and up went the act-drop on a very pretty open-air scene with—painted—river and moored boat in the background and on the grass, near the footlights, a girl and her lover, both in most becoming boating dress. There was a burst of applause, and Mr. Graham whispered to his friend, "By Jove, De L'Orme, your boy is a handsome fellow." The baronet's cheek glowed with pride. Praise his boy, and you won his heart. But the next remark he heard from some one behind him, "They both play so naturally," very naturally vexed him.

"Yes," came the reply, "that's one of Gabrielle Fane's great charms—always so natural—the perfection of art."

"Ah—yes, and her high character—never heard any one dare to seriously impugn her."

"No—and she works so hard, poor child: not a creature in the world to protect or stand by her, either."

A wave—a big wave, too—of pity and admiration swept over the baronet's heart, despite himself; he bit his lip angrily, but he could not help watching the play as it progressed with deepening interest in the fate of the lovers, struggling against the schemes of the ruthless, vulgar Sir Jasper, and by the time the second act closed with this villain's discovery of the lovers' flight and the pursuit the old gentleman had worked himself up to a pitch of considerable excitement.

"I say, Audley, did you twig your governor?" said Jack as they went off, leaving the stage to be set for the last act; "he's as interested as a boy, I declare; wonder if he'll have the ghost of a suspicion of the realism of the last act?"

"Don't think so," returned the other. "You see, just when the names are said, my rival will be galloping madly up the road behind, and I've tipped that imp of a call-boy to prance in, the minute my William exclaims that he hears hoof strokes, and if he hears a cough, he is to tumble down or pinch the maid." Here both scamps went off into choking laughter, and Gabrielle turned, half amused, half trembling, now that the moment was approaching.

"Pinch the poor maid. What for?" said she.

"To cause a noise behind the scenes, my dear, and partially drown the names in front," said her lover, as Jack moved away.

"Oh! Audley, isn't it too—too wicked of us?" She was very white; her lips quivered, and her lover bent down, putting his hand on her shoulder.

"My darling!" he whispered tenderly, "are you afraid of yourself, or that the pater won't forgive me? Never fear, dearest: there was no choice but this or parting, and it is too late now for us to draw back."

"Yes—yes—I know"—her breast heaved; her little hand clung to his—"and—and—I would not part. Forgive me, her Audley; I am strong again; I shall not fail you."

"It is rather wicked," muttered Audley, turning away—"dear old father! but I could not give her up—and for no valid reason—even for him!"

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And now the audience settled themselves in expectant attention, and Mr. Graham, lawyer-like, gave especial heed, observing merrily to a brother barrister behind:

"I expect there'll be some funny law and original formulae in this last scene, such as only plays and novels know."

"Ha, ha! yes, unless Jack has set it right," returned the learned Q.C., thus verifying that

"Many a shot at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant."

There was no fault to find with the setting of the registry office presented when the act-drop rattled up, save perhaps that certainly the chairs and official-looking secretaire were rather handsome for the purpose, being cribbed from Mr. Graham's own library. On the table lay a ledger, writing paper, pens, ink, etc. Then enter the registrar (Jack), sits down at the table, and opens the big register, soliloquizing: "A quarter past eight, and my sister Lucille wrote me to be sure to be ready by eight! but it's a long drive, and if the ball was not over till five or six, or suppose the fugitives have been overtaken—by Jove! Captain Fancourt would out with his revolver before he'd let 'em take my Lady Geraldine—ha!" (starts up), "here they are, thank Heaven! I hear his voice below."

The next moment, enter Austin Fancourt, leading Lady Geraldine, and followed by Lucille and the faithful manservant. It was only a natural piece of business that the lady's lover should himself unfasten the cloak which covered the rich sweeping ball-robe, speaking the words in his part, but as he bent down only Gabrielle heard the tender whisper, "Courage, my own darling! it will soon be over; trust me."

Whatever Gabrielle felt, the actress came to the aid of the woman, and well might Lady Ogilvie whisper to Mrs. Graham, who was next her, "How perfectly that girl plays her part, tempted to a reckless step by her bold lover, but just the right touch of girlish shyness and half reluctance."

"Yes," said Mrs. Graham, glancing towards her husband; he was watching the stage so intently that she was a trifle startled, for the bye play and preliminary words with the registrar were over, and at his lines: "Now please, Captain Fancourt, all is ready," the two leading parties moved to the table opposite the official—what a handsome couple they were!—and in the pause Mr. Graham gave his old friend's face a quick glance.

"H'm!—doesn't quite like the situation," he thought; "too suggestive, and played so naturally."

Then he bent his whole attention again, the more so as the band began that vexing and most senseless undercurrent of accompaniment which often makes it difficult to hear every word on the stage, especially if any are spoken rather low, and both actors spoke the formula provokingly softly, so that even in the first row—and Mr. Graham was only in the second one—all was not distinctly heard. Then, in answer to the registrar's call for the required declaration:

Captain Fancourt—"I do solemnly declare that I know not of any lawful impediment why I—Au——" (names not distinct, in part owing to loud and distant sounds of horse galloping behind the scenes—oh, that impish boy!) "may not be joined in matrimony to G——" (ditto, galloping a little nearer).

The girl's declaration had the same fate, but when the bridegroom spoke again—"I call upon those present to witness that I, A——" (what an irritating horse unseen that was) "do take thee, Ga——" (a tumble behind and a sharp "Be 'anged!") Mr. Graham moved uneasily—what names had he caught?—not Austin, not Geraldine—"to be my lawful wedded wife."

Then came a similar speech (and louder galloping behind) from the bride, but now Mr. Graham drew in a long breath, muttering, "Good heavens!—no—my ears have not deceived me, I'm sure."

He went hot and cold, but dared not move, and stole a glance again at Sir Bertram, then at his wife, and he met her startled eyes.

Sir Bertram whispered vexedly to his host, "I couldn't quite catch some of the speeches or names—seemed a muddle—forgot their lines—eh?"

"Perhaps—oh! look."

Captain Fancourt, with a smile, was placing the ring on the Lady Geraldine's hand, and both signed the ledger first, then the witnesses, man and lady's-maid, all realistically correct, and then the registrar signed book and certificate, handing the latter to the Captain, with this gagged remark, "Now, sir, it's done safe."

Of course at that auspicious moment rapid footsteps, an angry voice, are heard, and in rushes the rival, Sir Jasper, hot, dusty, furious. Fancourt throws himself before his bride, but surely that look in the handsome face, the force and emphasis of his words, are all Audley's own and beyond acting.

"Stand back, Sir Jasper: you are just too late, for this lady is my wife, by all the law of this land, though you may choose to think it only a comedy."

An odd vague kind of frenzissement ran through the audience. Selkirk went, under breath, "Whew! he's too strong for private theatricals, by Jove!"

Sir Bertram paled suddenly, moved as if to rise, then leaned back, muttering, "Yes, yes, of course it is only a comedy."

But Mr. Graham bit his lips, with the mental question—"What madcap game have those two young scamps been up to? I'll give it to you Jack, if——" he turned to the stage again just as Fancourt forces Sir Jasper to give up the paper, mockingly bidding him go back whence he came for a laggard.

"Ride fast, sir!"—as Audley spoke the concluding speech of the play, he took Gabrielle's hand, and turned half to his play-rival, half towards the house—"Go tell the world that you were just too late—not to stop, but to witness, as binding and marriage as ever the laws of this realm recognize."

Down came the curtain on these words, amidst an outburst of applause, and the excitement shut in found a vent. Sir Bertram rose up unmistakably agitated, and took Graham's arm with a stern whisper—"Come round; I must see the boy at once."

Mrs. Graham said quickly to her husband, as the guests broke up into groups, "I'll have the seats cleared, and start dancing, John."

He nodded and went out with his friend towards the room used as a green-room.

"You've done it this time, Audley, by Jove," exclaimed Jack with a smothered laugh, as they all retreated to the foyer. "That last 'gag' fetched 'em down, and our governors are en chemin for this crib."

"Oh! Audley," said the actress, white to the lips, "for my sake let anything pass he says of me."

"Darling, trust to me. Ha! now for the battle royal."

The door was flung wide, and father and son were face to face.

"What, in Heaven's name, does all this night's comedy mean, Audley? Are you attempting for a moment to deceive me and that girl into the belief that that play-marriage is legal?"

"No, no, father!" exclaimed Audley, flushing to the brow. "You cannot really think that of me. There is no deception, and it is all my doing, for I persuaded Gabrielle. The marriage is no play, but real, according to civil law, and Gabrielle is my wife. Listen—hear me a minute, dear father!"—and now the young man stepped forward, and clasped the old man's hand, deeply moved, with pleading eyes and voice—ah! so like his dead mother—so very like—"you have a right to be angry, perhaps, but I knew you would not consent after what you said—never—and we loved each other! How could I give her up, father? and I was desperate: I thought of this; it was openly done at least, and I persuaded her to the step. Won't you forgive me, father?"

Poor Sir Bertram! his obstinacy and passion pulled one way; his whole heart pulled the very opposite way, the unadmitted consciousness of which made him all the more angry, just to persuade himself that he did not yearn to forgive this wildest escapade and make his boy happy. But, like Pharoah, he hardened (or tried to harden) his heart.

"I wonder you dare to ask it, boy," he said, tearing his hand away. "You think you have made a safe knot of it that I can't break, but we'll see to that. Graham, you're a lawyer, and perhaps that boy and Miss Fane will believe you if you tell them it's a mere mockery."

Audley glanced quickly from Jack to Helen in the background as he drew back to Gabrielle's side, but Mr. Graham, looking severely at his son, said shortly, "Bring me that play-registry ledger, Jack."

There was a pause whilst Jack silently fetched it and laid it on the table, open still at the fatal page.

"Audley, give me that play-certificate," said the lawyer, and, as the young fellow obeyed, "What names did you and Miss Fane really give on the stage?"

"Our own," said Audley quietly. "Jack and Helen and my man all heard us distinctly, and can swear to it."

"Ah! I thought I did too," muttered Mr. Graham as he looked at the paper and book.

Then he started and changed countenance; all the real names were signed, not the stage ones. One loophole remained.

"Even this won't hold, my young friend," he said sternly, "unless the fullest intention of actual marriage, not mere acting, is proved beyond doubt."

That wicked smile flashed up into Audley's eyes again as he drew a paper from his breast, and put it into the lawyer's hand.

"Will that do?" he asked, in the softest manner, "and we have been twenty-one days in Scotland, too, you know."

The paper was a legally worded declaration, in Jack's writing, stating the undersigned's full intentions that the registry marriage between them in the comedy "Just too Late," to be acted by them on Christmas Day, should be a real, true, and binding marriage, and no mockery, jest, or play-acting. It was duly signed, and witnessed by Jack and Helen.

Mr. Graham read it, and breathed a long soft "Whew!" that spoke a volume, then turned and looked at his old friend as he stood intently watching his face.

"De L'Orme, the young scamp's got the right side of the law this time, safe enough: it is a 'Scotch marriage' as tight as ever was riveted; there is nothing to be done—legally: you cannot undo it."

There was a dead silence; then a mist came before the old man's eyes, and a tremulousness to his lips, as he felt his two hands taken with hands young and warm, and soft, low tones (a little unsteady) stole on his ear, that were as the very echo of the loved one gone before—"Dear father, as you loved my mother, so do I love my wife. Give her to me in church this Christmas-tide, for my mother's sake, and forgive—her son——"

"Ah, Audley—Audley, what can I do against this plea but forgive you both?"

The grey head was bowed for a moment on the son's shoulder, the hands close locked; then the old man lifted himself, and stretched out his arms to Gabrielle.

"Come to me, my child—poor little one!"

She threw herself, with a half sob, into the old man's arms, clinging about his neck.

"Father! dear father! you will love me a little, for Audley's sake!"

Mrs. Graham, with true feminine courage, had risen to the situation, got both as one cleared for dancing, talked, laughed, and kept things going generally. But still, under the gay surface, every one felt that something had occurred in the play that was certainly not only a comedy, and were on the tip toe of expectation to know what it all meant. Mrs. Graham pretty well guessed, and her dear motherly heart beat fast for the young people's fate, when a kind of sensation ran through the crowd of guests, a quick turning toward the door, made her too look, and instantly go forwards.

Fine and stalwart, and proudly erect, in came Sir Bertram de L'Orme with the young actress leaning on his arm, and followed by his handsome son, the two Grahams, and bonnie Nell Forrest.

"Dear Mrs. Graham," said Sir Bertram, with his inimitable old regime bow, and every word clearly heard by all the company, "pardon our long absence, and permit me"—glancing over the crowd with a smile that was good to see—"to present to you my son's wife, whose 'Scotch marriage' we have all of us unknowingly witnessed in this last hour"—a burst of applause bubbled up here—"I must frankly confess that I had objected to his choice simply—being an old-fashioned being, I suppose—because this dear girl" (another clapping, from the men especially) "was on the stage, but I cannot now regret that—quite the reverse—that my wicked young scamp here has unquestionably got the best of his old father. What is done can't be undone, we know, and I don't want it undone either, since I have now a loving daughter as well as son" (applause). "Of course we, being staunch Church people, cannot recognize any true binding save His above to make twain one flesh, and so within this happy octave of Christmas we shall bid as many of our kind friends here who will honor us to witness my son's marriage in St. Catherine's Church, close by."

A ringing cheer broke forth, another, and another.

"Three for the bride and bridegroom!"—and then—"Three for glorious Sir Bertram!"—and then up struck the ban .'agay strains, and Mr. Graham, stepping forwards, took the fair bride's hand and led off the dance right merrily.

"Oh! the rush of the tripping feet,
Oh! the lightsome hearts that beat,
Wild and glad the merry time."

* * * * * *

What a happy Christmas-tide that was that within its octave saw young Audley de L'Orme and his beautiful Gabrielle wed in the dear old church, given away by his beloved father himself! but Jack, who was best man of course, always maintains laughingly that he married them that Christmas night when the play was not "Only a Comedy."

SCUTTLED SHIPS.

Scuttling may be defined as the act of cutting holes through a ship's hull, either for the praiseworthy purpose of keeping her steady when stranded by filling the hold with water, and thus save the ship and cargo; or to sink her in order to obtain the money for which she is insured. It is the latter form of scuttling that we propose to deal with.

A ship-master is monarch of all he surveys, when remote from the land, and no other sail above the boundary-line of sea and sky. Hence, there would be little difficulty in this way, should he propose to scuttle his ship, either to injure or to assist the owners thereof. For this reason, the laws against scuttling have always been very severe all over the world.

By an Act of Congress passed in 1804 it was enacted that "any person, not being an owner, who shall, on the high seas, wilfully and corruptly cast away, burn, or otherwise destroy, any vessel unto which he belongeth, being the property of any citizen, or citizens, of the United States, or procure the same to be done, shall suffer death."

The last man executed in England for ship-scuttling was Codling, hanged on Deal beach about 1809 for scuttling a vessel in the Downs in order to obtain the sum for which she was insured.

Less drastic laws prevail now, and the gravity of such a case is met by other punishment, and the cancelling of certificates should the offenders be ship-masters or officers.

In 1893 a Mr. Berwick was convicted of being accessory to the scuttling of several fully insured sailing ships belonging to the firm of Messrs. T. Berwick & Sons.

The system adopted by this proficient ship-scuttler was only remarkable for its extreme simplicity, and stood the test of many years' active service; for he subsequently confessed that he had defrauded the underwriters in this way by causing no fewer than nine well-conditioned ships to be scuttled during the period of twenty years immediately preceding his last venture.

His master-mind conceived the plot each time; but seafaring men were the necessary instruments for carrying out his ideas. He would prevail upon needy, and not over-nice, certificated officers of the mercantile marine to sink the respective ships whenever in their opinion convenient; and be paid handsomely for the services so efficiently rendered in these disgraceful transactions.

Happily for the underwriters, however, this wholesale ship destroyer either had his wonted caution dulled by such unprecedented success as attended his investments; or perhaps made a mistake in his calculations. The long hands of the law gripped him tightly at last, and all the shipping world wondered for a brief interval. This unprincipled merchant, and his three nautical accomplices, Webb, Holdsworthy, and Dean, were rightly awarded long terms of penal servitude.

The good ship "Severn" was the cause of their misfortune. She sailed away ostensibly for China, in good condition, and laden with a costly cargo; but the crafty conspirators had agreed among themselves to put a period to her existence long before nearing the Flowery Land. In pursuance of this understanding, three large holes were bored through the afterpart of her hull, below the water-line, by means of that carpenter's implement so much affected by ship scuttlers, an auger, almost directly the shores of England had receded below the northern horizon.

Wooden plugs were carefully fitted into the holes thus made, and admirably served the purpose for which they were designed. One or all could be withdrawn and replaced at the will of the operator, concealed from the prying eyes of the sailors; and in this way it was quite easy to keep the supposititious leak both under control and intermittent until the moment arrived that was deemed suitable for the abandonment by those in possession of the secret. An accident, however, interfered with the well laid plans of these men. One of the plugs was unexpectedly broken, the inrushing water would not be denied, and she was perforce abandoned earlier than was proposed.

Webb had taken an active part in some of the previous successful scuttling for the same firm of speculators; and, after sentence had been passed, disclosed to the underwriters the full details of one case. He had sailed from Glasgow, bound for Havana, with a cargo of coal, in the good ship "John Brown" which disappeared on the passage, although all hands were rescued by a passing ship. She was scuttled by Webb; but the underwriters paid the large sum involved without inquiry. Before leaving Glasgow, a bulkhead, or partition, was built up by a carpenter engaged from the shore. In this way, a clear space was left in the hold directly beneath the mate's cabin, so that, after getting to sea, a hole was cut in the cabin floor, enabling Webb to descend into the hold unperceived by any one and pierce the vessel's side below the water line with an auger to his heart's content. A similar system was followed in the other instances, and fickle fortune certainly seemed to smile sweetly upon the unholy alliance during a long period.

The scuttling of the Nova Scotia barque "L. E. Cann" probably affords the most remarkable example of this nefarious practice that has come to light throughout the Victorian era. In November 1881, this wooden sailing vessel happened to be in the harbor of Vera Cruz awaiting a charter, under the command of a certificated master named Brooks. She was staunch, quite as well supplied with stores as is usual in that inferior order of sailing-ship, and, under ordinary circumstances, should have carried a cargo to any port without mishap. Captain Brooks had held his responsible position for about two years, and had made several satisfactory voyages with her. His uncle owned one sixteenth of the vessel, and covered the risk by insurance in the accepted manner. In February 1883, this part owner wrote to his agents requesting them to insure his interest in the freight for another five hundred dollars; but this was not done, inasmuch as the agents had just previously insured the total freight, under instructions from the managing owner. Hence the "L. E. Cann," and the whole of her prospective earnings on the ensuing passage, were at least insured to the uttermost farthing, if not somewhat in excess thereof. No fewer than fifteen auger-holes were found in her hull below the water-line, and she would undoubtedly have foundered had it not been for her timber cargo.

It is surprising how well we can stand the misfortunes of our friends.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

One of the most remarkable timber belts in the world stands in Humboldt and Mendocino counties, California. It embraces 4125 square miles, containing 1 2 000 000 000 feet of timber. With the aid of the microscope scientists have found the age of some of these trees to be nearly 3000 years. Some of the fallen trees have remained where they fell for 800 to 1000 years, so it is estimated, with scarcely any deterioration of the wood.

The largest piece of gold in the world was taken from Byer and Hallman's gold mining claim, Hill End, New South Wales, May 10, 1872. Its weight was 640 pounds, height, 4 feet 9 inches, width 3 feet 2 inches, average thickness, 4 inches; worth 148 000 dollars. It was found embedded in a thick wall of blue slate, at a depth of 250 feet from the surface. The owners of the mine were living on charity when they found it.

Common salt is one of the most valuable remedial agents the world contains. Use as a tooth powder, alone or with a little prepared chalk, it whitens the teeth and makes the gums hard and rosy. It is a good gargle for sore throat, and, if taken in time, will benefit, if not cure, diphtheria. It will stop bleeding of the mouth, and in warm water is a good emetic and remedy against several poisons. There is nothing better for sore feet and hands than salt and water, and for ordinary sore eyes, though a painful application, will often effect a complete cure.

Chemistry seems likely to furnish substitutes for the expensive perfumes now made from flowers. It has long been known that the exact odor of the banana is produced in the laboratory. There seems a possibility, however, that even when some fragrant plants cease to be cultivated for perfumes they may become of importance in surgery. It has been discovered that some such plants are free from the attack of insects and from fungus growths, and this may be due to the fact that their essential oils have antiseptic properties. The eucalyptus yields an antiseptic, and so do other familiar plants.

Two eminent English physicians, Dr. Warren Lombard and Dr. Vaughan Harley, have recently made an important series of experiments regarding the influence of tobacco on muscular effort. That influence was not so marked in the experiments of Dr. Harley as in those of Dr. Lombard. The conclusion which Dr. Harley has reached is that moderate smoking, in one accustomed to it, neither increases the capacity for work nor retards the approach of fatigue; though, in some cases, it may slightly diminish muscular power and hasten the time in which fatigue overcomes the system.

Professor Scripture, of Yale, has recently suggested that persons who suffer from insomnia may find it worth while to use "antiphones" to shut out disturbing noises at night. The antiphone, it is explained, is not an Edisonian invention, but may be made off hand when needed by heating a small piece of sealing wax and inserting it into the external meatus of the ear. Professor Scripture says of his own experience that for four years he has obtained sound sleep by the use of such antiphones, "whereas before their use (and now at any time when they are omitted) comparatively little sleep was to be obtained."

The skins of fruit should never be eaten, not because they are not palatable or digestible or are unhealthy in themselves, but on account of the danger arising from microbes which have penetrated into the covering of the fruit. Everybody has noticed that at times a slight scratch will create a considerable sore on the human body. It is generally ascribed to an unhealthy condition of the blood, but a close microscopical examination will show that it is due to the presence of microbes thus introduced into the system. So with an apple, a peach, a pear, or a grape. The fruit may be perfectly sound and healthy, but on the skin or covering may be microbes, which, introduced into the human system, will breed disease. These germs are not uncommon, neither are they always present. It is possible to eat this covering without injury, but the danger is such that it is best not to incur the risk.

SUMMER VACATION TOURS.

The Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co. now has on sale at all its offices east of the Ohio River a full line of tourist excursion tickets to all the lake, mountain and sea shore resorts in the Eastern and Northern States and in Canada. These tickets are valid for return journey until October 31st. Before deciding upon your summer outing it would be well to consult the B. & O. Book of "Routes and Rates for Summer Tours." All B. & O. Ticket Agents at principal points have them, and they will be sent post-paid upon receipt of ten cents, by Chas. O. Scull, General Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Balto., Md.

PLAYING FOR A MAN'S HEAD.—During "the Reign of Terror" few came to play at the Cafe de la Regence. People had not the heart, and it was not pleasant to see through the panes the cars bearing the condemned through the Rue St. Honore to execution. Robespiere often took a seat, but few had any wish to play with him, such terror, did the insignificant little man strike into every one's heart. One day a very handsome young man sat opposite him, and made a move as signal for a game; Robespierre responded, and the stranger won. A second game was played and won, and then Robespierre asked what was the stake. "The head of a young man," was the answer, "who would be executed to-morrow. Here is the order for his release, wanting only your signature; and be quick, the executioner will give no delay." It was the young Count B. that was thus saved. The paper was signed, and then the great man asked, "But who are you, citizen?" "Say citizeness, Monsieur; I am the Count's betrothed. Thanks, and adieu!"

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low Neck Dressing, Water Craze, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

A LITTLE girl made a great clamor one night after she had gone to bed, insisting that a certain doll named Elizabeth should be brought up-stairs to her. Her mother finally called up to her, after having commanded her two or three times to keep still. "If I come up, Mary, I shall certainly whip you!" "A-all right, mamma," said the little girl, choking back a sob, "and, when you come up, p-p-lease bring Elizabeth!"

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

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Our Young Folks.

IN A CHURCH TOWER.

BY S. A. W.

"THEN you won't say who took them?" No answer.

Mr. Dennis looked in the faces of his four sons and two nephews, but could see nothing there which would tell him what he wanted to know. If anyone looked guilty at all, it was his favorite son Harold, but Mr. Dennis would as soon have believed that he had done it himself.

"Very well," said Mr. Dennis, "All that I can suppose is that you know who did it, and that you all meant to share the spoil. Let me tell you that Jubilee five-pound pieces are not as plentiful as blackberries. I shall have handbills put in all the shops, and if any of you attempt to change one of the coins, you will probably be taken in charge."

Once more Jack made a movement, but once more, owing to a glance from Harold, he remained silent. Mr. Dennis noticed it this time, and his heart sank. Could Harold, his eldest and most hopeful boy, be a thief?

The boys were silent for a moment after Mr. Dennis left the room, and then they began to talk in hurried earnest whispers.

"Poor old Dad!" said Jack to Harold. "I do believe he thinks you know something about the stupid old coins. Why didn't you let me tell him about Frank?"

"Hush!" said Harold; "he is looking this way. He heard you mention his name He is a guest, you know; and besides, after all I may be mistaken.

"Nonsense!" said Jack impatiently. "What business can the fellow have in father's study in the middle of the night, when all honest people are in bed? I believe he knows all about the five-pound pieces; besides, it's very strange that he should suddenly have some money to spend, when I know perfectly well that last week he had not even a penny for a stamp."

"Hush!" said Harold again; "little Edgar is listening."

"Let him listen, then," said Jack, in a louder voice. "Listeners never did hear any good of themselves, and I don't see why they should now."

"Oh, bother the coins!" exclaimed Martin, suddenly leaving off a conversation with his brother Hugh. "I'm sure none of us took them. The dear old Dad has coins on the brain. Any way, nobody here is the thief. Let's shake hands all of us who are sure of our own honesty."

To the amazement of everyone, Frank turned his back, and walked out of the room.

"Well, to be sure," said Martin. "Now, what do you make of that? Does he think we are thieves, or does he know he's one?"

"Don't talk rubbish!" said Harold quickly, anxious to prevent any further conversation on the subject, as he saw little Edgar's face color crimson. "Run after him, Edgar, and tell him we shall start in half an hour for Lowminster. We will meet at the orchard gate; that cuts off half a mile nearly."

"Do let us try to forget this miserable business for a little while," said Harold, when he found himself alone with his brothers. "Things look bad for Frank, but I don't believe he knows more about the coins than we do."

"Then he shouldn't be so wonderfully mysterious and quiet," said Martin.

"We can't all be such a clear bit of glass as you are," said Hugh quietly, "though we might be a deal happier if we could. But I agree with Harold. The holidays will soon be over; let's make the best of them while we can. Frank and Edgar are our guests; besides, if Frank were such a bad lot as we want to make him out, Edgar wouldn't love him so. It's perfectly beautiful to see the way in which that youngster worships his brother. Let's be as jolly as we can, and perhaps the Dad will believe that we know nothing about his stupid old coins. Just as if a dozen Jubilee coins could be worth our getting into father's black books!"

Edgar had left the door open, and, unknown to the others, Mr. Dennis was standing in the hall, and heard all the latter part of this conversation. It filled his heart with joy, but he resisted the temptation to go into the room and tell his boys so, and crossing the hall, he shut himself in his study.

As he did so he heard a strange noise, which sounded like the flutter of wings. He looked round the room sharply, but could see nothing like a bird anywhere.

Meanwhile, little Edgar had delivered Harold's message to Frank, and assured him that he was perfectly certain that his heart would be broken if he didn't go to the top of Lowminster Tower, as they had promised him, that afternoon. Frank, whose one aim in life seemed to be to make his little brother happy, promised to be at the orchard gate at the appointed time.

Then Edgar did a strange thing. He scrambled out of his little bedroom window, and crawled along the verandah which ran round the house. When he came to a certain spot where two panes of glass had been put in to lighten the room below, he stopped, and taking a piece of bread out of his pocket, began to scatter crumbs, not on the glass, but close to it. Just below was Mr. Dennis's study, and he, standing quietly deep in thought, heard the flutter of wings again. Looking out, he saw a big jackdaw fly from a tree to the top of the verandah.

Someone else saw the jackdaw too, and having watched him pick up the crumbs, took a bright silver pencil-case out of his pocket and laid it on the tiles, then crawled back as far as he could, without losing sight of the pencil-case. In a few minutes the jackdaw alighted on the verandah, looked at the pencil-case with first one eye and then the other, gazed up and down to see that no one was watching him, then seized it in his beak, and flew off in the direction of Lowminster Church.

Edgar was only nine years old; he was so delighted at the success of his trap that he forgot where he was, and clapped his hands. The consequence was that poor Mr. Dennis was startled by a strange rattling and scratching, and ran out on the lawn, just in time to see Edgar fall off the verandah.

"Have you broken any bones?" he said, picking him him up and giving him a little shake. "You young rascal, to frighten yourself and me like that! It's a good thing for you that I had the verandah lowered last year. Be off with you! and don't let me catch sight of any you again to-day."

He little thought how literally Edgar would obey him.

At the appointed time the boys met at the orchard gate, and walked the three miles which separated the house from the church. It was a very old church, and quite one of the sights of the neighborhood, but as it happened that day, there were no other visitors but themselves. A girl of about seventeen led them up the tower, after showing them some ancient tombs and curiosities in the church below.

They reached the first room, where the men stood to pull the bells, and saw a huge pendulum coming through a hole in the ceiling from the big clock above, which had been going for five hundred years The next flight of stairs was so narrow that they could only walk one at a time, and great excitement was caused by the guide pointing to a poor little martin on one of the stone steps, and saying that the old tower seemed to swarm with birds sometimes. Edgar, who was following her, took the bird tenderly in his hands and talked softly to it.

"Here's the clock," said the guide at last, unhooking what looked like a big wooden box, and showing the huge works

"Shut it up!" said Hugh, who was rather of an imaginative turn of midd. "It looks like a big coffin. Why, it would hold one of us, I am sure."

The boys were so interested that they did not notice that Edgar had disappeared till after they had got on the outside of the tower.

"Oh! he's gone down with that precious martin," said Frank; "there never was such a boy for petting live creatures. We shall find him below."

But they didn't. Nowhere could little Edgar be seen. They looked about everywhere, and Frank even went all the way up to the top of the tower again; but it was no use: Edgar had evidently grown tired of sight-seeing and gone home.

"He knows his way well enough," said Frank; "but I shall give him a good scolding for running away."

Hardly had the key turned in the church door when there was a noise in one of the pews furthest from it, and Edgar came quietly out.

How the little legs tore up those winding stairs! there seemed to be three times the number there were before. Up, up, up, and his heart beat as he crept past the big black clock-box, as if he were afraid that it would open of its own accord, and shut him in. Up, up, up, till he reached the open air, and gained fresh courage with the breeze.

Then he looked round, not at the magnificent view, but down on his knees, peering into every hole and corner. He had nearly given it up, when there was a flapping of wings, and peeping through an open space of the balustrade, he saw a small heap of rubbish on the top of one of the big figures called gargoyles. He put his hand through and caught hold of his pencil-case, put it in his pocket, and then poked about again, till he felt a flat thing. It was one of the Jubilee coins. Perhaps he was too excited, but at all events the child thought he could feel no more. Any how, he knew he had found enough to clear his beloved brother, and he went down the stairs again with his treasure in his pocket.

It was not till he had reached the bottom that he remembered that he could not get out of the church. He kicked and banged at the door, but it was no good. No houses were near, and there he would have to stay till someone came in the next day.

He tried to make himself comfortable, and finding a seat with a cushion on it, he lay down and tried to sleep. But he had not taken into consideration the narrowness of his couch. He had not slept long, when he moved and rolled off, knocking his head a pretty hard knock against a book box. The church grew dark, and then the moon rose and lighted up the beautiful painted glass window at the east end. There were scenes in the life of our Lord on it, and amongst them the one where He was blessing little children. The thought gave the boy courage. He found his way gradually to the tower door, got into the first room, stood on a chair, and reached at one of the bell ropes, and then pulled and pulled till the bell clanged out.

"What a to-do there was in the village! "Fire!" "Murder!" "Thieves!" anything and everything was the matter. All the villagers turned out, expecting they knew not what. But it was only the parson and the doctor who went up the tower, and carried down a little boy, who just gave his name and address, and fell asleep before the good clergyman had carried with half a mile, whispering—

"Don't be angry with me. I had patted that jackdaw ever since I came to uncle's, and I thought he might have stolen the coins, and I didn't like to say so. I know they fancied my brother took them, because he was found in uncle's room one night, but he has been doing some moonlight pictures from that window. Some have been bought for a magazine—we shall see them in a book. You won't tell him I told you, will you? because it's a surprise for mother."

WHEN STRANGERS CAME.—A French countess (the Countess d'Aulnoy), who was at Burgos in 1673, relates the following anecdote of the period: "When I would go to rest I was led into a gallery full of beds, as you see in hospitals: I said this was ridiculous, and that, needing only four, what occasion was there for showing me forty, and to put me into such an open place to starve me? I was answered, this was the best place in the house, and I must take up with it. I caused my bed to be made, when scarce was I laid down, but somebody knocked softly at my door: my women opened it, and were much surprised to see the master and mistress, followed by a dozen of sorry creatures, and so clothed that they were half naked. I drew my curtain at the noise they made, and opened more mine eyes at the sight of this noble company. The mistress drew near to me, and told me these were honest travelers, who were coming into the beds which remained empty. 'How, lie here?' said I; 'I believe you have lost your senses.'—'I should have lost 'em, indeed,' replied she, 'should I let so many beds stand empty: either, madam, you must pay for them, or these honest gentlemen must lie in them.' I cannot express my rage to you; I was in the mind to send for Don Ferdando and my knights, who would have sooner made 'em pass through the windows than through the doors. But I considered this could not be done without some disturbance, and therefore I came to terms, and agreed to pay 50 cents for each bed; these illustrious Dons, or, to speak better, tatterdemalions, who had the insolence to come into my rooms, immediately withdrew, having made me several profound reverences. The next morning I thought to have burst with laughter, though it was at my cost, when I discovered my hostess' trick to ruin me. For you must know in the first place, that these pretended travelers were their neighbors, and that they are accustomed to this stratagem when they see strangers."

SNUFF-TAKING Professor (to class)—"The great art in correspondence is to write as you speak." Young Lady Pupil—"But, sir, how is it when people speak through the nose?"

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

There are about 350 female blacksmiths in England.

Chicago letter carriers are to be furnished with bicycles.

The organ-grinders in Vienna are permitted to play only between midday and sunset.

One water snake will cause more destruction to fish in a stream than a man who angles.

A hive of 5000 bees should produce 50 pounds of honey a year, and multiply themselves tenfold in five years.

Rev. Wm. Maya, of Perryville, Ky., has preached the Gospel for 60 years and never accepted a dollar for his services.

The office of City Treasurer of Iron Mountain, Mich., pays only $150 a year, and the occupant is obliged to give a bond of $150,000.

Among the numerous towns that ought to feel pretty well soaked is Wallace, Idaho. With a population of 1900, they have 37 saloons.

Dr. Warre, the headmaster at Eton, has given orders that in future the college museum shall be opened on Sunday afternoons.

Richmond, Va., has grown so fast that some of the fortifications constructed outside of the city during the war are now within the city limits.

A curious piece of stone or pottery, in semblance to a human figure, has been unearthed in a cave at Cartersville, Georgia, by J. W. Keys.

Trolley cars in Kansas City have an electric button placed at the end of each seat, enabling the passenger to signal the motorman when to stop.

A Providence granite company is at work on a handsome $950 tombstone for 'Don,' a dog, who was highly prized by Robert E. Stone, of Lexington, Ky.

Los Angeles, Cal., has a domestic cat that weighs 31 pounds. It has twice given battle to a big tame raccoon, and in each encounter has come off victorious.

Some of the old folks of Buchanan, Mich., think of organizing a spanking club to offset a cigarette club that seems to be having a great run among the school children of that village.

"Very little alcoholic liquor is drunk in China," says Professor James Legge, Professor of the Chinese language and literature at Oxford. "In 34 years I have often been in such large cities as Canton, and I saw only one Chinaman drunk."

The barber attached to the Massachusetts State House declined to shave Mr. Teamoh, a colored representative, unless the latter would procure a private mug.

Dr. Herder, an eminent authority, gives the assurance that river water containing not more than 32,000 microbes to the cubic inch is satisfactory for drinking purposes.

The royalty on the "Gospel Hymns," from which Mr. Moody gets 20 per cent., is said to have amounted to a million and a quarter dollars since their publication was begun.

There was a lively runaway in Stockton, Cal., the other day, that had a remarkable feature. A one-legged man climbed into the wagon and guided the frightened team through the street until they came to a halt.

The strongest animals in the world are those that live on a vegetable diet. The lion is ferocious rather than strong. The bull, horse, reindeer, elephant and antelope, all conspicuous for strength, choose a vegetable diet.

A lawsuit over the ownership of a dog in the New York city courts has already cost the participants nearly $2000. The intrinsic value of the animal is placed at 75 cents. Witnesses have been summoned all the way from Pittsburg.

A much bigger wheel than the great Ferris Wheel is being erected at Earl's Court, London. It is a 400 foot wheel, and will carry 2000 people in 50 cars. Three restaurants will be built on platforms at varying heights on the supporting tower, and a big ball room will crown the towers at the axle.

The use of hypnotism in medical practice is increasing in other countries besides France. In Russia the right to practice hypnotism is guarded by the necessity of obtaining a certificate from the authorities, and by a record being kept of the experiments made, and the names of the doctors present.

According to a report issued by the Greek Minister of the Interior the recent earthquakes in that country caused the death of 207 persons, the serious injury of 154 more, and the destruction of 962 houses. The chief loss of life was in the churches, where the people were assembled for evening worship.

The latest development in the milk business in London is to drive the cows around the route and have them milked in the presence of the customers. The customer is thus able to judge for himself of the appearance of the animal, and is sure of the freshness of the milk. The practice is a common and ancient one in Egypt.

ALONE.

BY SUSANNA S.

Thro' crowds alone my footsteps stray;
I see no glittering angel wings;
No light is shining on the way
To lure me on to better things.

For no one loves me. Strange it seems,
Yet no one cares to love unsought;
I have seen forms which in my dreams
Appeared to love,—but that is nought.

No, that is nought, for even they
Whose loads I would have lighten'd, turn'd
In scorn or cold mistrust away,
And kept the love for which I yearned.

OLD-TIME BUILDINGS.

The Noraghe of Sardinia, perhaps, have exercised human ingenuity upon a greater scale, for a longer time, than any other structures on earth. Greeks and Romans speculated over them and learned men of all countries are speculating still. Aristotle mentions them with admiration; so does Pausanias. They are, in brief, towers standing on an artificial mound, 30 to 60 feet high, and 100 to 300 feet in circumference at the base; some which have a lower platform are more than double this latter dimension. The material is stone, regularly worked with the hammer; they show neither sculpture nor inscriptions nor cement.

Some of the blocks are immense. A very low entrance, but broad, leads by a gentle incline into a passage of good height, communicating—by another very low doorway—with a domed chamber fifteen to twenty feet in diameter and twenty to twenty-five feet high. Small holes on either hand betray the existence of two or four cells, cut in the thickness of the wall, several feet in width and depth and height. From this dome a spiral passage, rising steeply, takes one to another just above, somewhat smaller, and on again to the broken top of the Noraghe—for none is entire.

What can we make of buildings like these? More than 3,000 have been counted. Some authorities argue that they were tombs, some trophies of victory, some fire temples, some observatories, some even houses. It is easy to show that several of these explanations will not serve, but one cannot possibly tell what forms of building religion may command. On that account only it may be supposed that the Noraghe were temples or giants altars for sacrifice.

They always lie northwest to southeast, and at the latter angle stands a "headstone," a single block not less than 10 feet high, often 15. Behind this, away from the "grave," the walls are prolonged to make the segment of a circle. At the foot of the headstone is a square aperture finely cut. Of these extraordinary objects many hundreds remain. They represent prodigious labor and no little skill in mechanics; but all that research or ingenuity has discovered is, as yet, that nobody was buried in in them.

There are a variety of puzzle buildings in England. The term may be applied to the Denes of Essex and Middlesex—perpendicular shafts sunk in the earth, with lateral chambers at the bottom. The most ingenious antiquaries have not yet shown who dug these extraordinary caves, nor what was their purpose. But it is evident that they might serve either as granaries or dwellings, or places of refuge in time of trouble; all these theories have been argued. Therefore the Denes and other such unexplained but not inexplicable mysteries may be put aside—the Martello Towers for example. Things downright unaccountable remain.

The most speculative only venture to suggest that such or such may have been the object in building the Raths of Kerry. Hundreds of these Raths are still untouched, hundreds have been explored and hundreds, at least, destroyed. They are apparently mounds of earth overgrown with grass, perhaps twenty feet high and six feet in diameter. When the turf is removed we see an outer wall of stone encircling the space, supporting generally a roof of large slabs; but sometimes the substructure is sunk in the ground, when the slabs do not appear to form a roof, but a pavement.

Somewhere in this wall is the entrance, a narrow hole upon the level of the earth. Crawling through it—but mindful of the poisonous gases which accumulate in such conditions—we find that the enclosed space is intersected by walls which split it up into chambers—not less than six—10 to 12 feet long and 4½ to 5 feet high. They all communicate with one another by holes just large enough for a man to crawl through, but the archway is hewn stone excellently fashioned. Each chamber has an outlet for ventilation in the surrounding wall. Sometimes there is a rude fireplace in that most distant from the entrance, though it remains to be discovered—a minor puzzle—how the occupants escaped suffocation when the fire was lit.

The floor of a Rath is always dry—for a spot with a natural drainage was chosen. There is nothing more to be said about them. No tool nor bone has ever been found, excepting objects evidently introduced at a modern date. What can be the purpose of these buildings? They were not meant for hiding places, for the Rath always stands conspicuous. They were not in the way of forts, since the enemy had but to close the ventilators and all within must stifle.

If they were dwellings, the people who used them must surely have been dwarfs, for the shortest men of European race could not stand upright therein. It has been suggested that they were the cellars of a small village or communal house, built upon the roof, of perishable materials; but in that stage of civilization cellars are quite unnecessary. We must give it up—for the present, at any rate.

A MAN was wounded in the abdomen in a fracas, and a learned disciple of Esculapius was sent for, who, after looking at the patient, delivered himself as follows: "Bad case; incised cut of the perineum membranus—through the umbilicus misirotany to the lineralbum. The viscus and sigmum are incised, and the puleric orifice of the hepathic ductus is lacerated to the anterior spinus of the attachment of fifth rib." A friend of the sufferer rushed out for air, and, being asked, "How was Sam?" replied, "Ah, poor fellow, there is no chance for him; the doctor says all the Latin parts of his bowels are destroyed, and he must die."

Grains of Gold.

A broken word cannot be soon mended.

Deeds are efforts the soul makes in trying to speak.

Get people to think right and they will try to do right.

What hypocrites people are when they talk of themselves.

People who are always giving advice never like to take it.

No man can tell how much it will take to make him rich.

Most people believe in the total depravity of somebody else.

The day that does not begin with prayer does not begin right.

Your conduct cannot be right while your convictions are wrong.

No man can ever be rich whose happiness depends on his money.

The only thing we can be sure of success in doing is in doing good.

Faith has no eyes at times, for grief can blind them with unshed tears.

It will not make your heart any whiter to try to blacken somebody else.

Experience makes us see a wonderful difference between devotion and goodness.

It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel if a single stitch drops.

When you don't know exactly what to do in your dealings with men, do as you would have them do.

Femininities.

It is much easier to love some people than it is to agree with them.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman.

An Indianapolis couple were married in two and a half seconds by the watch.

Carrie: "I don't care; Emily looks worse than I do!"

Maude: "Come, dear, don't be unmerciful."

Frances: "Elise is just daft about bric-a-brac, isn't she?"

Adele: "I should say so! Why, I heard this morning that she was going to marry a baseball pitcher."

Mrs. Lizzie Smith, of Flemingsburg, Ky., has been awarded $10 by a jury in a suit brought against Mrs. Jennie Sousley for damages for placing the sharp end of a pin uppermost in her church pew.

As an excuse for dead birds being used in millinery, it is stated that some softhearted women are having their departed pets stuffed, and then ornamenting "In Memoriam" bonnets with them.

While engraving a wedding invitation a New York artist made a curious blunder. The invitation read thus: "Mr. and Mrs. Blank have the pleasure to request your presents at the marriage of their daughter."

There's a widow in Mersa, Neb., for whom the prosperous citizens have just chipped in and bought a house and lot. Her pluck in supporting three little children by taking in washing had won general admiration.

A young woman in Adams county, Washington, during a period of somnambulism recently, left her bed, walked barefoot over a rough road for nearly three miles, and swam a wide, deep and swift stream before she awakened.

Gloves figure largely in the list of necessary expenditures by the wives of Cabinet officers, as upon each official entertainment when they, with the President and his wife, constitute the receiving party, a pair of white gloves must be sacrificed.

In Bohemia there are no less than 160 societies and clubs which have for their object the advancement of the cause of women. A great deal is done in this way to procure for the women of Bohemia better employment and greater independence.

Young husband: "What? You are 25 years old to-day? Why, you told me a year ago, just before the wedding, that you were only 20!"

Young wife, wearily: "I know I did, love; but I have aged rapidly since."

A Kentucky mathematician has figured out some statistics on gum chewing. He says that the jaws of a small-mouthed young woman who is addicted to this habit move 6,750,000 inches, or 103 miles a year, at the rate of 30 chews a minute for 10 hours a day.

The cradle is fast becoming a curio, especially in its earlier hooded form. The modern American baby is not cradled and not carried, but taught to content itself with a mattress like any one else; so that the phrase "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" refers to a custom almost obsolete.

A young lady of letters invited her friends to a literary luncheon, each to come wearing an ornament symbolical of some well-known book. One of the guests conspicuously displayed two nickel-plated letters, S and B, and it took the litterateurs some time to discover that, interpreted, it signified "Nicholas Nickleby."

Madame Rodriguez, a noted Parisian dressmaker, died recently in a lunatic asylum. Her fame was great, and she always refused to make dresses for women who had poor figures. A certain duchess had often desired to become one of her patrons, but Madame Rodriguez invariably said, "When you have shoulders I will dress you."

One sultry Sunday a minister was thundering away at his drowsy congregation, the majority of whom would go to sleep in spite of all his efforts. At last he shouted, "Wake up here! There is a man preaching to you who has only half a shirt on his back!" It woke them tremendously. The next day a delegation of ladies visited the personage, and presented the preacher with a package containing some very nice shirts, saying that it was a shame that he should be reduced to half a shirt to his back. He replied, after accepting the shirts with thanks, "that he was not literally reduced to a half shirt, although he wore only a half on his back; he wore the other half in front of him."

An able, matronly lady remarked, in midst of conversation with a grave-looking gentleman, on the subject of temperance, "Oh, of all things in the world, I despise whisky drinkers!" In the ardor of his feelings, the gentleman extended his hand and took hers within his own, and with emotion that threatened tears over the loss of ruined sons, replied, with faltering words, "Madam, I respect your sentiments and the heart that dictates them. I permit no one to go beyond me in despising whisky drinking. What, I say, can be more disgusting than to see well-dressed, respectable looking young men step up to the bar of an hotel and without fear of observing eyes, boldly ask for whisky, when they know that there is to be had at that very bar the best old Cognac brandy!"

Masculinities.

Kind words are the brightest flowers of earth's existence.

Angry friendship is not unfrequently as bad as calm enmity.

Iceland contains neither prisons, policemen nor watchmen.

Laziness grows upon people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in chains.

Time sets his chisel a little deeper whenever there is a frown upon the face.

The silence of a wise man is more wrong to mankind than the slanderer's speech.

Help somebody worse off than yourself, and you will find that you are better off than you fancied.

An ungrateful man is justly regarded as the common injurer of all those who stand in need of assistance.

Two sexton beetles will bury a mole in an hour, a feat equivalent to two men interring a whale in the same length of time.

A young physician of Kensington, Kansas, named Green Graves, says he will either have to change his name or go into some other business.

A Chinaman of Amoy has been engaged for 32 years in fashioning in miniature an elaborate pagoda of ivory and stone. It contains upward of 35,000 pieces.

The wisest saying uttered by the wisest man of Greece was, "Know thyself." Next to that should stand this—Be true to thyself. Be true! Wisdom and truth are twins.

The readers and correspondents of a Norwegian newspaper have been sending the names of their favorite works to the editor. Charles Dickens is the most popular of foreign writers.

Mr. and Mrs. William Stransberry, of Stark county, Ohio, have been married for 65 years. They are 86 and 87 years old respectively, and have lived on the same farm all their married life.

As the result of statistics showing a large increase in the number of youthful criminals, the German Ministry of the Interior is discussing a reorganization of the system of compulsory education.

The illumination in the lighthouse at Cape de Heve, three miles from Havre, is equal in power to 25,000,000 candles. It is the most brilliant artificial light in the world, and in clear weather can be seen at a distance of 144 miles.

A body of "Sahara troops" is to be raised by France for service in her arid African possessions, where the heat is fatal to French soldiers. They are to consist mainly of natives of those regions, but the officers will be Frenchmen.

"God has written 'honest man' on his face," said a friend to Jerrold, speaking of a person in whom Jerrold's faith was not altogether blind.

"Humph!" Jerrold replied; "then the pen must have been a very bad one."

Among the students in the Williamstown, Mass., College is a young colored man, who is entered on the books as Thomas Bosolow. His real name is Bey Solow, and some time this year he will start for Africa, it is said, where he will become King of Sendoo.

The suicide mania has become so great in Denmark that the Government is considering measures to check it. One likely to be adopted is the Swedish law, which compels the body of every person who commits suicide to be sent to the dissecting room of the nearest university.

People accustomed to rise in the morning weak and languid will find the cause in the imperfect secretion of wastes, which many times may be remedied by drinking a full tumbler of water before retiring. This very materially assists in the process during the night, and leaves the tissues fresh and strong, ready for the active work of the day.

"I notice," said one lady to another, "that at our social gatherings you are always the last one to leave."

"I know it," was the reply; "I have an object in view."

"What is it?"

"I want to prevent the rest of you from slandering me."

"O you mean thing! you never like to see your friends enjoy themselves."

Captain Dennison, of the steamer Frank Jones, was, when in command of a gunboat during the civil war, one of the most successful officers in the navy in capturing blockade runners. He received quite a compliment at one time from the captain of a captured vessel, who, when he found out the name of his captor, exclaimed: "Good gracious! Captain Dennison, are you the only officer in the service, for this is the third time you've taken me!"

Mrs. Yerger: "Tommy, do you want some nice peach jam?"

Tommy: "Yes, ma."

"I was going to give you some to put on your bread, but I've lost the key to the pantry."

"You don't need the key, ma; I can reach down through the transom and open the door from the inside."

"That's just what I wanted to know; now just wait until your father comes home."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

A novelty in lace is made with a ground of three different materials—guipure, net and gauze. Another variety is in two shades of color, cream and butter or cream and coffee.

Accordion-plaited white China silk, striped with cream lace insertion, makes the daintiest tea gown imaginable. It should be tied in at the waist with cream white ribbon, and hang open over a handsomely trimmed lawn skirt.

The silk ginghams, muslins and all such soft wash fabrics need a great deal of ribbon, and it adds immensely to such gowns to have two sets of color, viz., with a yellow gingham to have yellow ribbon for sash and collar, and bows on the yoke if bows be used, and the same quantity of heliotrope to use when one does not care to be all in one color.

The newest cut in skirts is made in a style fashionable many years ago, with the back breadths lined with stiffening and gathered in long gathers so that they stand out stiffly from the waist. This is a very difficult design to copy and as yet very few of these models are to be seen.

The silk waists which are so popular just now for wearing with the coat and skirt suits are mostly draped in some ingenious way and intermixed with lace. These are extremely pretty and cool. They fasten under the coat in some way known only to the wearer and maker, however it may be is a secret, and can only tell you they set most perfectly, and are very much in demand, being so much easier for summer wear than the close-fitting tailor-made vest.

A dainty little evening waist, known as the "Princess Maud" blouse, is a most effective creation of flowered silk and mauve velvet. The silk is of an extremely delicate cream, patterned with a soft mauve flower. The waist, which is drawn at the top, is allowed to drop in a slight fullness over the front of the band, which, in correspondence with the neck band, is composed of a rich dark-shade of mauve velvet fully drawn, and both are fastened at the back with rosettes of the same. The extremely large sleeves are caught in the shoulder to form large box pleats, which fall over very becomingly and cause the effect to be most original and unique. These sleeves may be worn to the elbow with gloves to meet them as in closed, or down to the wrist as preferred, as they can be made to take out.

Another remarkably tasteful little waist is a charming combination of that ingenious mixture of blue and white check, making it almost a pearl gray, and cream ecru lace. The waist is tightly gathered at the neck and drawn neatly into the figure at the waistband, which is of a darker shade of blue silk ribbon tied in a large bow at the side. The insertion is brought from either shoulder to the front of the band, and also runs around in four lines lines on the extremely large sleeves. This excellent little waist is a typical toilet for outdoor summer wear. The hat is cream straw, with two bands of narrow blue ribbon on the rim and cream and blue tips.

A very dainty and summery cape is made of finely-plaited black chiffon over a second cape of the same material in glowing cerise, yellow or white. The black cape is caught up with satin bows on the shoulder. A yoke of spangles or net, around which the flounces of chiffon are shirred, makes it very pretty. One of the season's shapes has long stole ends in front, but it is not a favorite style, as ends are said to add age to the figure, which, if true, its fate is settled beyond help.

A transparent silk gauze cape lately seen consists of a double ruffle trimmed with rows of moire ribbon and mounted on a small yoke. The neck is finished with a full ruche knot tied with long ends in front, the back being pointed into the waist, and sleeve and shoulder frills are of jetted net. A cape made entirely of lace which is fulled to a plain yoke is finished with fan-shaped pieces and a bow at the neck.

A very important accessory of dress for the chic young woman, as well as those who are not so young, is the waistcoat, without which a summer outfit is sadly incomplete. This fancy has grown and multiplied into a craze, and the variety apparently has no end. There are waistcoats of linen, pique, cloth, rich brocade and real vesting, such as the men wear, and each one of these has its own special use.

A shoe which bids fair to become popular for outdoor dressy functions is a Louis Quinze with a cut steel buckle. It is made in different kinds of leather.

Parasols to match the tiny checked silks so much in fashion now are the proper thing, and give an opportunity to possess a simple parasol which is not extensively duplicated.

Among the delicate colored organdies so pretty for summer gowns, there are bright poppy reds and dark navy blue. The red gowns are very striking trimmed with black lace, and the blue is pretty adorned with white.

Open-work embroidery is fast gaining favor, and is now done on colored chambrey as well as white and ecru mull. It is used extensively on one gown, sometimes forming the entire front of the skirt.

Odds and Ends.

USEFUL HINTS ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Potato Paint.—A new use has been found for potatoes. Paint can be made with them, in the following manner: A pound of potatoes is boiled in water and afterwards mashed; then, being diluted with water, they are passed through a fine sieve, two pounds of Spanish white and two pounds of water being added. A milk-white color results. Various other colors can be obtained by the use of ochres and minerals. The advantages of the paint are cheapness and durability, as it adheres well to wood or plaster, and does not peel.

Mocha Cake.—Two eggs, their weight in butter, flour, and pounded sugar, ½ teaspoonful baking powder. Icing: ½ lb. fresh butter, ¼ lb. icing sugar, half a teacupful of very strong, clear coffee. Cream the butter and dredge in the flour, sugar, baking powder, and pinch of salt. Beat the yolks and whites separately, then add to the mixture, beating all the time, and bake in buttered soup plates, in a good oven. Beat the icing sugar and butter to a cream, then add drop by drop the coffee. When the cake is cold place it in layers, with some of the icing between, and squeeze the remainder in patterns on the top.

Kentucky Potatoes.—Slice the potatoes as for frying, and soak in cold water for half an hour. Parboil in a frying-pan, pour the water off, and let them stand on the fire uncovered till the steam is driven off; brown a spoonful of butter or fat, and pour over them a minute after, then cover the potatoes with milk, in which they should boil till done. Salt and pepper while cooking, and watch lest they burn. There should be just milk enough when done for a creamy gravy, thickened by the starch of the potatoes.

Spanish Buns.—Mix together one pint of flour, one pint of sugar, one cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of butter, four eggs beaten separately, one teacupful of liquid yeast, one teaspoonful each of powdered cinnamon, cloves, allspice and grated nutmeg. Knead thoroughly, then roll out and cut into large biscuit, and set them to rise in a warm place. When well risen, bake them like rolls. As soon as they are taken from the oven, sprinkle white sugar over them.

Cheap Fruit Cake.—One cupful of butter, one of brown sugar, half a pint of molasses, two eggs, one cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one pound of flour, one of currants, one and a half of raisins, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful each of cloves and allspice. Bake in a slow oven. This is excellent.

A good cement for celluloid is made from one part of shellac dissolved in one part of spirits of camphor and from three or four parts of ninety-per-cent. alcohol. The cement should be applied warm, and the broken parts securely held together until the solvent has evaporated.

Never do any work which taxes the eyes with the light shining full in the face. The best and most favorable light, natural or artificial, is that which falls over the left shoulder.

If gloves be dipped in hot linseed oil it renders them waterproof, and they are better than rubber gloves to wear when washing dishes or working in the garden.

Paste light manilla paper over the back of every picture frame not already protected, as it effectually prevents dust from reaching the pictures.

To clean nickle plating, polish with a paste made of vaseline and rouge, and wipe the polished surface with a cloth moistened with vaseline.

Never sleep with a bright light shining directly upon the eyes. They should face the darkest and most restful corner in the room.

Don't clean brass with acids. Use putty powder and sweet oil; wash off with soapsuds and dry. It will insure brightness.

To keep cheese from molding or from drying, wrap it in a cloth dampened with vinegar, and keep it in a covered dish.

Milk applied once a week with a soft cloth will greatly freshen and preserve boots, shoes, chair-seats, etc.

Pour boiling water over coffee, tea and fruit stains before putting tablecloth into the suds.

Ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth, and also from the hands.

The white of egg is found to be the best thing for reviving the leather seats of chairs.

Hot bread can be cut as smoothly as cold if a hot knife be used.

An Aquatic Romance.

BY WM. J. BENNERS, JR.

HAROLD BRANDON a young and talented artist of Philadelphia, was sojourning at Bar Harbor for a few months vacation, trying to regain some of the lost strength and vitality of which an exceedingly hard winter of study and work had deprived him.

Tall and well formed, with a handsome frank face, a hearty manner and an easy bearing, which showed a keen knowledge of the world—he made a pleasant picture as he stood leaning against the rail of the wide Newport Piazza, smoking a fragrant Havana, that bright July afternoon, and watched the varying expressions on Faith Harkaway's lovely, girlish face, as she sat talking to a crowd of admiring friends.

It was a beautiful afternoon, the blue waves of Frenchman's Bay danced and rippled in the breeze, and the numerous islands which dotted the watery expanse stood out in bold, rocky relief. The North Atlantic Squadron was at anchor and every now and then a gay pleasure boat or canoe glided by.

Harold let the smoke of his cigar curl upward unnoticed.

It piqued him strangely to see her so occupied, so utterly unconscious of his gaze.

Of course he had never spoken anything which would cause her to think he had "given himself away." But surely she must have known—women are so keen to read a love affair, she must have guessed the secret that was thrilling at his heart—the hope of making her his own, dear wife. Why was she always surrounded by so many admirers? Why? That was easy to answer—because she was so bright, so clever, so witty. But—he can stand it no longer, so throwing away his cigar he advanced rapidly toward the animated group.

A desperate purpose was forming in his mind of trying to win or lose it all. He would go canoeing and take Faith with him out upon the sea; uninterrupted he would ask her to be his wife.

The bright smile with which she turned to greet him was surely favorable to his hopes. It was but a few minutes later they were seated in a light birch bark canoe, which under the powerful strokes of the young man cut the water like a thing of life. They rounded the point of the shore and soon passed the man-of-war Atlanta, on board of which the sailors, who are leaning over the sides, gave the young couple a hearty salute. The color rose to Faith's face and the graceful contour of her form was outlined against the blue of the distant sky. Harold watched the beauties of her face.

How beautiful it was—so full of womanly feeling and purity, he thought, watching her with ardent eyes.

Her hair fell in graceful profusion over her shoulders, from under her sailor hat, and caught by the breeze floated out on the air—a flash of gold.

Her soft skin was browned by the ardent rays of the summer's sun and her even white teeth looked like pearls as she smiled into his face with enjoyment. Her figure was graceful and every curve showed to advantage in the blue flannel dress she wore.

"How easily you paddle, Mr. Brandon, we will soon be at Bald Porcupine Island. See! there are the cliffs."

It was Faith who spoke and partly turned, putting one little white hand over her eyes to protect them from the sun and at the same time to obtain a clearer view.

"They are much farther off than you would think, Miss Harkaway, distances on the water are very deceptive, but we have the wind and the tide in our favor and in about an hour we will reach them," replied the young artist. "And what a perfect day," he added.

There was silence, sweet silence for a few moments. Faith's hand was over the side of the canoe, playing with the water that rippled through her white jeweled fingers.

How easily the canoe glided along, the very poetry of motion. Behind them the town of Bar Harbor slumbered in the afternoon's heat, with its vivid background of color—where Green and Newport Mountains rose like huge sentinels guarding the sleeping town at their base.

Now was his opportunity. Now he could ask her the all important question. Here alone, upon the water with the bright breezes kissing her cheek, he would ask her to be his wife.

It was thrilling on his lips that word which meant so much to him—he had not noticed, in his absorption the appearance of the sky.

"Faith—my darling——" he got no further.

"Hello! Hello!" came shrilly over the water.

Harold Brandon started and glanced quickly in the direction of the sound.

Two men—fishermen—were in a boat, some distance to leeward, gesticulating wildly, and Harold caught the dread import of their words

"You had better look out, young fellow, there's going to be a terrible blow."

Even while the man was speaking the sun disappeared behind a heavy black cloud, and a gray mist rose over the water; the wind freshened and the light canoe hardly answered to Harold's skillful stroke but tossed like an egg shell upon the waves which were rapidly growing more and more violent by the stiffening breeze.

How, oh, God! will the light canoe even weather the storm?

The fishermen's boat had long since been swallowed up in the fog.

Harold tried to keep the full knowledge of their terrible danger from Faith, but gradually the fog deepened and its misty cloak enveloped them so closely that it would be impossible to hide it from her any longer.

Faith had made no outcry, had spoken no word, but in her eyes he read the sweet answer to his interrupted question. She loves him and even in the horror of the situation, there was a warm thrill of joy in his heart.

If they are saved he has won her.

"Do not be afraid," he said softly. "We will get under the cliffs, out of this sound, in a little while."

But an anxious look had stolen into her face and the deep blue eyes looking so fearlessly into his seemed to read his inmost thoughts.

"I think you had better lie down in the bottom of the canoe," he said gently.

She understood what he meant and her lips trembled as she obeyed his whispered command and crept close to him and silently began to pray.

A shrill, whistling sound, a sudden gust of rain and the storm broke. The light canoe was buffeted hither and thither by the strong choppy waves; wind and rain came down as if bent on their destruction.

Faith clung to Harold's knees and he heard her utter something like "Our Father."

"Let us say it together," he said huskily. "Perhaps it will be answered. It says: 'deliver us from evil,' you know, and this evil now!"

Her only answer was a pressure of his hand and then she grew very still and he knew she was joining him in that silent prayer.

"Oh! God! help us. Do not let this precious life be lost, save her if Thou wilt and give me the strength to reach the shore."

Faith drew the coat Harold had divested himself of and threw it over her shoulders. It would keep off some of the pitiless rain.

"She's grit! God bless her!" the artist thought, as he watched her, sitting like some Lorelei, the wind blowing her damp curls in wild confusion about her dauntless face.

Suddenly there is a low moaning sound and the deep reverberation of a bell.

"It is the buoy at Bald Porcupine," cried Faith joyfully. "See the fog is lifting a little, we have been driven by the wind towards the cliffs. God has answered our prayers."

With a desperate clutch of the paddle Harold turns the canoe in the full direction of the sound. The point is passed. Saved!

He drew the girl from her recumbent position, after the barque had grounded on the pebbly beach of the sheltered cove and assisted her towards the little hut used by picnic parties—out of the rain that still beats down upon them.

"My darling, God has been good to us—I am thankful for it and more so that I have won you, my white pearl."

Faith's answer is lost in the long kiss that burns on her lips, but it must have been satisfactory for six weeks later she became Harold Brandon's wife.

"THE first time I took my eldest boy to church," a minister's wife says, "when he was two years and a half old, I managed, with caresses and frowns, and candy, to keep him very still till the sermon was half done. By this time his patience was exhausted, and he climbed on the seat, looking at the preacher (his father) quite intently. Then, as if he had hit upon a certain relief for his troubles, he pulled me by the chin to attract my attention, and exclaimed, in a distinct voice, 'Ma, make pa say Amen.'"

Rail and Boat Excursion down the Chesapeake.

The most delightful trips of the Season. Soft Crab Dinner at Bay Ridge.

The second of the series of Bay Ridge excursions is announced for June 24th. Escape the torrid heat of the city and enjoy the bay breezes at Bay Ridge. You go to Baltimore by rail via B. & O. R. R., thence down the broad Chesapeake 30 miles to the finest Excursion Resort in the South. First class attractions, boating, bathing, crabbing. Soft crab dinner at the cafe.

Special trains will leave B. & O. station, 24th and Chestnut Streets, 7 10 A. M., arrive Bay Ridge 11 45 A. M. Returning (all rail) train will leave Bay Ridge 5 30 P. M., and arrive Philadelphia 9.30 P. M. Round trip $1 50.

Remember the date, Sunday June 24th.

HOT WEATHER.—The first thing to be borne in mind in hot weather, says the Lancet, is to secure the freest ventilation practicable in our houses and rooms, and to avoid that "fussy" and excited state of mind and physical restlessness which many people manifest.

People cannot get rid of the heat, but they can have well-ventilated rooms; they can be temperate in eating and drinking, and especially in regard to alcohol; they can clothe in garments that are loose, and light in weight and color, and such as to admit of transpiration through the skin and the freest respiratory movement; and they can avoid great physical fatigue and the heated stuffy air of crowded rooms.

Heat induces a sense of depression and thirst, with the temptation to have recourse to the temporary stimulation of alcohol, but tea and coffee are good respiratory excitants, and free from the injurious effects of alcohol.

If any one suffers from heat-exhaustion as the result of exertion and fatigue in hot weather, the body temperature not being increased, but the circulatory and respiratory functions being lowered and enfeebled, exposure to a current of air, rest in the horizontal position, and the administration of some fluid food will probably soon bring about recovery.

If the symptoms be those of heat-stroke or heat-apoplexy, and attended with great increase of body temperature, embarrassed respiration and insensibility, the case is altogether different; it is one of danger.

The exalted temperature is the all-important fact in such cases. If this be reduced to the normal standard, the nervous symptoms, the unconsciousness, and the deranged action of the heart will soon right themselves; consequently the reduction of the abnormally high temperature is the point to be attended to, and no other matter is in the meanwhile worth regarding.

Common sense no less than scientific observation indicates the application of cold to the surface, and cold water as the readiest and easiest way of applying it. Plenty of air, ice, and cold water are remedies generally at hand until medical advice can be obtained, when these means can be supplemented by the use of other and powerful methods for reducing the temperature of the superheated body.

HOW HE KNEW.—Lawyer: "Are you sure that occurrence was on the seventeenth of the month?"

Witness: "Yes, it was the seventeenth."

Lawyer: "Now remember you are on your oath. How do you know it was the seventeenth?"

Witness: "'Cause the day before that——"

Lawyer: "Be careful what you say now. Well?"

Witness: "Was the sixteenth, and the day after it was the eighteenth."

THE appearance of a distinct waist and skirt to gowns is first noticed in the costume of Queen Phillipa, wife of Edward III. of England, and Queen Jeanne of Bourbon, wife of the French Charles the Wise, in 1380. Upon the lower edge of these waits, which were very long, reaching about eight inches below the natural line, the long full skirts were laid in deep side plaits.

DEER PARK.

ON THE CREST OF THE ALLEGHENIES.

To those contemplating a trip to the mountains in search of health and pleasure, Deer Park on the crest of the Alleghany Mountains, 3,000 feet above the sea level, offers such varied attractions as a delightful atmosphere during both day and night, pure water, smooth, winding roads through the mountains and valleys, and the most picturesque scenery in the Alleghany range. The hotel is equipped with all adjuncts conducive to the entertainment, pleasure and comfort of its guests.

The surrounding grounds, as well as the hotel, are lighted with electricity. Six miles distant on the same mountain summit is Oakland, the twin resort of Deer Park, and equally as well equipped for the entertainment and accommodations of its patrons. Both hotels are upon the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, have the advantages of its splendid Vestibuled Limited Express trains between the East and West. Season excursion tickets, good for return passage until October 31st, will be placed on sale at greatly reduced rates at all principal ticket offices throughout the country. One way tickets reading from St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Chicago, and any point on the B. & O. system to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia or New York, or vice versa, are good to stop off at either Deer Park, Mountain Lake Park or Oakland, and the time limit will be extended by agents at either resort upon application, to cover the period of the holder's visit.

The season at these popular resorts commences June 23rd.

For full information as to hotel rates, rooms, etc., address George D. DeShields, Manager, Deer Park, or Oakland, Garrett County, Maryland.

DIFFICULTIES OF LIVING BY RULE.—To all the other sage counsels as to how a man should divide his time, President Eliot of Harvard University has added another, giving in a recent address the following regiment: Sleep, eight hours; meals, three hours; outdoor exercise, two hours; social calls, one hour; work, ten hours. That this plan agrees with Prof. Eliot may be taken for granted. But, as an Eastern contemporary points out, it would not have suited Sir William Jones, the author of

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.

Nor Sir Edward Coke, who wrote:

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six;
Four spend in prayer; the rest on nature fix.

Nor would it have suited the physician who prescribed an equal division of eight hours each to work, sleep, and recreation. Least of all would it have suited the American philosopher who said: 'Six hours sleep for a man; seven for a woman; eight for a fool."

In fact it ought to have been apparent to President Eliot that no code of life will suit any one man save that which he learns to invent for himself. Regularity is the main thing to be considered. Some men work best at night; some early in the morning; some need ten hours' sleep; some need only six. Some want but one good meal a day; some want four. Indeed, how he shall manage himself and his time is one of the first—and hardest—practical questions which a man not under prison rule has to solve.

If any other eminent college man wants to give advice of this sort to his fellows, he would better content himself with telling them what not to do. There's plenty of that counsel needed in an age when the average specimen of mankind is stuffing himself with too heavy meals, sleeping at irregular hours, smoking more cigars and drinking more whiskey and worrying more prodigiously than would be good for a man of twice his physical strength and health.

SIGNIFICANCE OF HAIR.—Crinkled, wavy, and close-curling hair and beard indicate vivacity and excitability, if not brilliancy. Regular curls symbolize ideality, and when only part of the hair is worn in curl, are instinctively disposed over the organ of that faculty. Straight hair may be said to indicate, in cultivated persons, evenness of character, and a straightforward honesty of purpose, as well as a clear head and good natural talents. The darker the hair the more robust the body, as a general rule, and the coarser the skin and the tissues of the body; but sometimes the hair and skin are at the same time dark and fine. The dark-haired races are physically the strongest, but less endowed intellectually than the fair haired. The first are more inclined to manual labor and active exercise, and the last to mental exertion. The dark races are workers, the light races thinkers, poets, artists, &c. Black hair indicates strength and predominance of the bilious temperament, as in the Spaniard, the Malay, the Mexican, the Indian, and the negro. Red hair is a sign of ardor, passion, intensity of feeling, and purity of character, and goes with the sanguine temperament, as in the Scotch, the Irish, the Swede, the Dane, &c. Auburn hair is found most frequently in connection with the lymphatic temperament, and indicates delicacy and refinement of taste, and if the mind be cultivated, fine moral and intellectual powers. It is common among the Germans, the Danes, the Anglo-Saxons. Dark-brown hair combines the strength of the black with the exquisite susceptibilities of the light hair, and is, perhaps, all things considered, the most desirable.

HEREDITARY PILOTS.—Almost the sole hereditary trade in the United States is that of the deep-water pilot. At most of the important seaports, pilotage has been confined for generations to a few families. The Delaware pilots congregate at Lewes, where they have mostly lived for many years back. To be a deep-water pilot in Delaware is to be a man of consideration, with houses, lands, and portable goods ashore, a snug home, a well clad family, and a goodly share of local honors of various sorts.

SET yourself earnestly to see what you were made to do, and then set yourself earnestly to do it; and, the loftier your purpose is, the more sure you will be to make the world richer with every enrichment of yourself.

"MY mother's awfully fickle," said little Edith to Mrs. Smith, who was making a call. "When she saw you coming up the street she said, 'There's that horrid Mrs. Smith. I hope she isn't coming here!' and a minute after she told you she was delighted to see you. Mother says I'm fickle, but I don't change my mind as quick, or so often as she does."

FROM the Boston Public Library come some odd stories about persons of eccentric literary taste. One woman has taken out a volume of sermons every Friday for years (she does not care what the religious views of the writers are), and then on each succeeding Monday a novel "to unbend her mind again." Another wants only novels that have clergymen as their chief characters, and there is one old maid that cannot be induced to read any work written by a woman.

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BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE
(MARIETTA HOLLEY.)

The book was written under the inspiration of a summer season 'mid the world of fashion at Saratoga, the proudest pleasure resort of America, where Princes of the old world, with Congressmen, Presidents, Millionaires, Railroad Kings, and Princes of Commerce of our own great nation with their wives, their beautiful daughters, and all the gayest butterflies of fashion luxuriate in balmy breezes, display their personal charms, costly jewels, exquisite equipages, and revel in

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It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

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Honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who served ninety days, or over, in the late war, are entitled, if now partially or wholly disabled for ordinary manual labor, whether disability was caused by service or not, and regardless of their pecuniary circumstances.

WIDOWS of such soldiers and sailors are entitled (if not remarried) whether soldier's death was due to army service or not, if now dependent upon their own labor for support. Widows not dependent upon their own labor are entitled if the soldier's death was due to service.

CHILDREN are entitled (if under sixteen years) in almost all cases where there was no widow, or she has since died or remarried.

PARENTS are entitled if soldier left neither widow nor child, provided soldier died in service, or from effects of service, and they are now dependent upon their own labor for support. It makes no difference whether soldier served or died in late war or in regular army or navy.

Soldiers of the late war, pensioned under one law, may apply for higher rates under other laws, without losing any rights.

Thousands of soldiers drawing from $2 to $10 per month under the old law are entitled to higher rates under new law, not only on account of disabilities for which now pensioned, but also for others, whether due to service or not.

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Old claims completed and settlement obtained, whether pension has been granted under later laws or not.

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Humorous.

BAGGED THE WRONG BIRD.

Young Hardup vowed a mighty vow—
"I'll wed a girl with cash," said he;
"I'll bag a millionairess, though
I sue a year on bended knee."

He sued a year on bended knee
With constancy that never flagged;
But, oh, no maiden rich bagged he—
'Twas but his trousers that he bagged.

—J. F. L.

Light affliction—A gas bill.

Missing men—Bad marksmen.

Skylark—A trip in a captive balloon.

A great contractor—The girl who laces tightly.

Kiss—A receipt given on paying your addresses.

Men of mark—Those who cannot write their own names.

There is a bankruptcy even in the natural world. The day breaks and the light falls.

If a gymnast fell off his trapeze, what would he fall against?—Why, against his inclination.

Why is the toothache like an unanswerable argument? Because it makes people hold their jaw.

A great financial reformer is so devoted to figures that when he has nothing else to do he casts up his eyes.

He: "Have you ever noticed what simple tastes Mrs. Allcash has?"

She: "Goodness, yes! I met her husband today."

Fosdick: "Is there any money in the business you are now engaged in?"

Cawker: "Oh, yes. I've dropped $3000 into it myself."

The color of things: A newspaper—read. The wind—blew. A study—brown. A country boy—green. A cat—purple. A baby—yeller.

"Waiter, you have raised the price of your Cognac; and still the glasses are smaller than those you had last year." "Yes, sir; but the bottle is larger."

Studentus: "Young Herman has a suit of clothes for every day in the week." Studentum: "I never see him wear but one." Studentus: "Yes; that's the suit!"

Teacher: "Of what is the ocean composed?" Boy: "Of salt water." "Why is the water of the ocean salt?" "Because so many salt codfish swim about in it, I suppose."

"I'm sorry your papa is dead?" said a lady to a Chicago little girl, whose mamma had buried several husbands. "Oh, that's nothing," replied the child; my papas often die."

Helen: "Poor, dear George must be devoting himself to business strictly."

Florence: "What makes you think so?"

Helen: "Why, he only writes me twice a day now."

"Papa," said a little boy, "ought the teacher to whip me for what I did not do?"

"Certainly not, my boy," replied the father.

"Well," replied the little fellow, "he did to-day when I didn't do my sum."

He: "And you did not forget that we were engaged, did you, Maud, while you were away?"

She: "No, indeed, George; I couldn't. Mamma kept reminding me of it all the time."

Little Fred, as his sister Mary enters the room with an apple in her hand: "Let's play Adam and Eve, sis."

Sister Mary: "How?"

Fred: "You tempt me with the apple, and I'll eat it."

Guest: "Look here, you black rascal, here's a piece of tortoise shell comb in my beef stew!"

Waiter: "I beg your pardon, sir; the cook's made a mistake and given you terrapin instead of beef."

She: "Oh, my tooth aches just dreadfully! I don't see why we could not be born without teeth."

He: "I think, my dear, that, if you will look up some authority on that point, you will find that most of us are."

"Nervous mother: "You have been very good and quiet for the last half hour. It's the first peace I've had to-day. What have you been playing?" Little daughter: "We's been playing cemetery. Johnny was zee corpse, an' I was zee headstone."

May: "Are you still calling on Nellie Updaite?"

Brother Jack: "Yes; she's a very bright girl."

May: "She must be; I hear you don't need a light in the parlor when you and she are there."

"My boy says you haven't taught him any spelling," said Mr. Oatcake to the teacher.

"No; we only teach the girls spelling. The boys don't need it, because when they grow up and go into business they employ the girls as type-writers.

BRITTANY MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.—The marriage-customs in some parts of Brittany are very curious. In Cornouaille, for instance, the village tailor is the most important personage to whom the candidate for matrimony applies for a list of eligible girls. Having selected one, the tailor at once proceeds to the maiden's father, carrying a wand of broom. While the family chiefs are making their arrangements, the lovers retire to the other end of the house and discourse their own "sweet music." It is necessary that the engaged pair themselves should put an end to the term of the negotiation. They approach, holding each other by the hand, to the table where their respective parents or relatives are seated, when bread, wine, and brandy are brought in. The young man and the maiden eat with the same knife and drink out of the same cup, and the day for union is then agreed upon.

PLAYING FOR EVEN.—A dispatch from Montgomery, Ala., says: Twenty years ago in western Kentucky a young man named Terrell fell in love with a pretty blue-eyed girl girl and they engaged to marry. The day was set, but when it arrived the pretty girl, without notice, jilted her affianced and married a man named Lockhart. Afterward they moved to Alabama, where Lockhart died. A few weeks ago Terrell, who had never married, met his ex-sweetheart, now a widow, in Autauga county. He renewed protestations of affection; and the day for the marriage was set again and the bride arranged for it. Last Monday was the day selected. Terrell bought his license and went to his room to make his bridal toilet. He has never been seen since by the woman, who came here to-day to look for him. It is concluded he was playing for even.

SLOT MACHINES.—Apropos of "penny-in-the-slot" machines, a correspondent of London Notes and Queries says: "It is worth while recording that the 'penny in-the-slot' automatic machine was known in the time of Hero of Alexandria, who describes in his 'Pneumatis' a sacrificial vessel which flows only when money is introduced. When the coin is dropped through the slit it falls on the end of a balanced horizontal level, which, being depressed, opens a valve suspended from a chain at the other end, and the water begins to flow. When the lever has been depressed to a certain angle the coin falls off, and the valve, being weighted, returns to its seat and cuts off the supply. Hero's date is a little uncertain, but he is supposed to have lived B. C. 117-81."

LEMONS.—Lemons are used for soap in many countries where they grow. When, for instance, the men and women of the West Indies want to wash their hands, they squeeze the juice of a lemon over them briskly in water until they are clean. In countries where oranges grow in great plenty, country gentlemen use the cheapest kind for blacking their boots. The orange is cut in two, and the juicy side of one half is rubbed on the soot of an iron pot and then on the boot. Then the boot is rubbed with a soft brush, and a bright polish at once appears.

MEMORIAL GARDENS.—"Why not memorial gardens?" asks the Westminster Gazette. "That is the question The Gardeners' Chronicle asks, apropos of memorials to Charles Kingsley in the shape of a stained glass window and a renovated font in the novelist's native village of Holne. Kingsley was a great admirer of the floral beauties of the earth; and if there are to be more memorials of him, why not a garden? Another suggestion thrown out by our contemporary—that public gardens should be named after our more "fascinating immortals"—is also worthy consideration.

Spend Sunday at Bay Ridge.

You go to Baltimore by rail and thence down the Patapsco River and Chesapeake Bay on the Palatial Steamer Columbia. Boating, fishing, bathing, sailing, crabbing; soft-crab dinner at Bay Ridge.

Special train leaves B. & O. station, 24th and Chestnut Streets, 7.10 A. M. Sunday, June 24th. Round trip ticket, $1 50.

Remember the date, Sunday June 24th.

HOT WATER.—Hot water is one of our best remedial agents. A hot bath on going to bed, even in the hot nights of summer, is a better reliever of insomnia than many drugs. Inflated parts will subside under the continued poulticing of real hot water. Very hot water, as we all know, is a prompt checker of bleeding, and besides, if it is clean, as it should be, it aids in sterilizing the wound. A riotous or rotten stomach will nearly always gratefully receive a glass or more of hot water.

SALUTE.—The military salute consists of the hand being brought to a horizontal position over the eyebrows, and its origin dates from the commencement of the history of the English army. During the tournament of the middle ages, after the "Queen of Beauty" was enthroned, the knights who were to take part in the sports of the day marched past the dais on which she sat, and as they passed they shielded their eyes from the rays of her loveliness.

BRIGHT EYES
—AND—
Blonde and Brunette,

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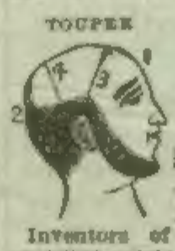
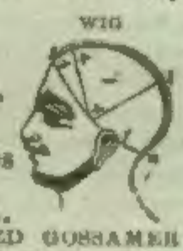


1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Premier Artistes IN HAIR.



Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.	FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck. No. 3.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

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Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 28, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves; Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, (Saturday only 1.30) 2.00, 3.00, 4 00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m 4.30 p m.

Leave Atlantic City Depot; week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m., Accom., 8.10 a m, 4.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.45, 8.00 p m. Accom., 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

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